The Victory of Faith

And Other Sermons

By E. L. Powell

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The Victory of Faith.

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

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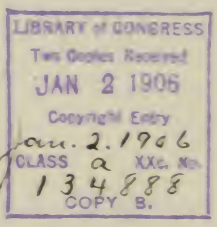

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INTRODUCTION

The sermon is the stateliest and most noble form of human speech. It deals with the deepest questions and most vital subjects that can engage the attention of man. The preacher who has a real message from God, and can deliver it in such a way as to command the attention of the public, is a blessing to any age. He is a prophet of God, and his utterances cannot fail to profoundly impress the public mind. When such a preacher has power to clothe his message in winning speech, and to breathe into it a passion which it has begotten in his own heart, his sermons have an added value and are entitled to a wider hearing than they can receive from the pulpit, no matter how large the audiences may be.

The author of these sermons combines, in a remarkable degree, these essential elements of a great preacher: clearness of thought, power of imagination and feeling, and the gift of vivid expression. He sees truth in its larger relations and has a clear grasp of the fundamental verities of religion. He sees too clearly the great and vital issues of Christianity to waste much time on doubtful disputations. The volume of sermons which is here offered to the public is scarcely less notable for the topics it discusses than for the vigor of style in which they are treated.

It is proper to say that many of these sermons were reported stenographically, and have been printed just as they were delivered. They possess, therefore, the spontaneity of

extempore speech which is often more highly prized by the reader than mere literary elegance. It is, perhaps, as true of preachers as it is of poets, that they are born, rather than made, and there can be no doubt but that the author of these glowing sermons is a born preacher whose education and religious experience, added to a natural aptitude, have fitted him for a wide ministry. The publishers have done well to send forth this volume of sermons, and the writer can but bespeak for them an extensive and careful reading, not only because of a deep personal friendship for the author but because of a high appreciation of the religious value of the sermons themselves.

ST. LOUIS, MO. J. H. GARRISON.

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SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

—BY—

E. L. POWELL.

I

THE VICTORY OF FAITH

For whatsoever is begotten of God, overcometh the world: and this is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith.—1 JOHN 5:4.

WHAT is faith? What is the world which faith overcomes? How does faith overcome the world?—these are the three questions suggested by our text. I am authorized, both by Scripture and human consciousness, in affirming that the soul of man is endowed with power to recognize and to be influenced by the invisible—the power to make actual, in thought and life, the unseen. The painting upon which we gaze, enraptured, is but the visible expression of the invisible beauty which has been seized and seen by the soul of the artist. The idealized statue is but the invisible thought which has haunted the sculptor's imagination until he has embodied it in stone. And so Christian character is but the outward and visible manifestation of unseen spiritual realities which the soul of the Christian has grasped and actualized. Now, faith is that active principle which brings into exercise this capacity of the soul to see and to be influenced

by the invisible. It is this power of the soul at work—making real and actual the things which do not appear. This capacity to lay hold of the unseen is inherent in the soul. It is as much a part of the soul as conscience, or reason, or love. Its exercise—which is faith—is dependent upon the will of man. As another has said: "Jesus expected people to believe when he presented evidence, as you expect one to look if you show him a picture. . . . Positive unbelief or absolute incapacity of faith, Jesus refused to pity or condone. It was not a misfortune; it was a wilful act. It was atrophy through misuse or neglect, and was to his mind, sin." If one refuses to use his eyes, which God has given him to be used, he is to be censured; if one refuses to exercise his power to see the invisible—a power which is inherent in his nature—he is likewise to be condemned. It is in this sense that Jesus uses the word faith. It is the proper and normal exercise of a God-given power. Hence he censured men for permitting those influences which blunt the soul's susceptibility to unseen things to have sway, and thus to interfere with faith. "How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor which cometh from God only?" If this power to apprehend the unseen were not inherent, then surely these Jews were not to be blamed

for not exercising that power by believing. The capacity to see spiritual things comes from God; the exercise of that capacity—or faith—belongs to man, and he is held responsible for permitting this capacity to suffer from misuse or neglect. It is thus that the word faith is used in the apostolic writings time and again, as when Paul says, "We walk by faith and not by sight." Faith moves in the realm of the invisible, just as sight moves in the realm of the visible. There can be, therefore, no conflict between faith and science. The one's world is invisible; the other's visible. Now, with this idea of faith, the nature of this *world* which faith overcomes is apparent. It is the realm of sight. It is the province of the rule and yard-stick, in which things are to be measured and weighed. Here the senses rule and reign. To overcome this world is to be delivered from the dominion of the senses. It matters not whether this world which we see and handle be good or bad—so long as we are unable to pierce beyond the visible—we are in bondage. In other words, life is materialistic. The man to whom the ocean is only a passage-way for ships; to whom a sunset is only a meaningless combination of colors; to whom the flowers suggest nothing beyond the thing which he sees with his naked eye—such an one is dominated by the world of our text—the

world of the senses—the world which shuts out faith from its borders. He is a worldly man, but not a man of faith. He has not so much as crossed the threshold of the only real world —the invisible world. Who of us has not felt this tyranny of the senses? It converts God's earth into acres, and gives us no horizon other than that which the eye can scan.

One may be a materialist even though the part of the world with which he has to do is refining. He is a materialist when he refuses to exercise the soul's power to see the invisible —when he lives as though the only real things are those which can be seen, touched and handled. One need not turn prodigal in order to have the charge of worldliness brought with truth against him. He is worldly—is overcome by the world—when he is of the "earth, earthy," when he sees only matter in this mighty and glorious habitation in which we dwell—when nature brings to the soul only that which the eye of sense has scanned, and does not reveal herself to him, like the King's daughter, "lovely within."

Let us turn now to consider the last question. How does faith overcome the world? How shall a man be delivered from the bondage of the visible—the bondage of the senses?

1. First by discovering the invisible beauty —the hidden meaning—which lies concealed

beneath the visible and outward. This is the office of faith. The soul has the power to see this invisible beauty that is inherent. Faith is the cultivation and exercise of this power. It is cultivated by right thinking—"Think on those things that are pure," etc. And the more you think about them, the more real will they become—the more the soul's power to be influenced by them will be developed. It is cultivated by right living. "The saint sees farther on his knees than the philosopher on tiptoe." Right living sharpens the soul's vision. One may so brutalize his nature as to be unable to see spiritual things at all.

But when we have once seen the invisible beauty, our souls are freed from the bondage of the visible. The visible becomes only the form; the invisible the soul. We have found the kernel; we care not for the shell. The outward and external is of value only because it holds the unseen and real. Take an illustration from the Apostle Paul. If we view the outward forms in which affliction robes itself, we are crushed. We see only tears and wreck. But we "faint not," says the apostle, "while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen." Faith sees that which the eye of sense cannot see—an "eternal weight of glory." And seeing that it gains the victory over the affliction. It con-

quers the visible by going beneath the visible and plucking out the heart of its loveliness. And so it is that faith gains the victory over all the visible by which our life is dominated and controlled.

2. Faith overcomes the world by discovering the true character of its manifestations. Faith not only recognizes the invisible, but recognizes the invisible as real and enduring. "For the things that are seen are temporal; but the things which are unseen are eternal." Let the soul once discover—as a matter of profound conviction—that the world is only a "fashion," a fleeting show—a moving, shifting panorama —and that the only eternal thing is the invisible life which is back of it all—and at once the chains of its bondage are broken. We overcome the world by detecting what it is—its real nature. Thus Christianity has given to faith the victory over death. The appearance frightened men, until it was shown to be only the shadow which life casts. Faith goes beneath the surface; pierces the outward and visible and there finds life. Faith cannot be satisfied with seeming. It must have reality, and when it finds the reality which death holds, lo, it is immortality! Thus faith gets the victory over the world, over death, over all the visible forms and shapes which flit before the eye of sense, and deceive the timid souls that have

not given faith her glorious opportunity and privilege. Faith lays hold of the invisible as the eternal, and so escapes from the dominion of the visible.

3. Finally, faith overcomes the world by appropriating the divine life of Jesus. "And who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" This faith in Jesus, of which the text speaks, is an overcoming faith—a conquering faith—and hence an active, working, energizing principle. What sort of faith in Jesus is it that overcomes the world, that subdues the visible and temporal and brings us under the dominion of the invisible and the eternal? What sort of faith in Jesus is it that thus converts the material into the spiritual? Is it the mental assent to the truthfulness of the proposition that Jesus is the Son of God? One may believe that proposition to be true forevermore and yet have a faith with no overcoming power. Hundreds thus do believe over whom the tyranny of the world has never abated. They are still the bond-slaves of the visible. The world is still their master—the world of the senses. They live, move and have their being in a materialistic atmosphere. Their faith has not carried them out of the realm of the seen, and is therefore no faith at all in the sense in which we are using the term to-day.

What sort of faith in Jesus is it, then, that overcomes the world—that gives us power to rise above the sensuous and to find our true life in the realm of the immaterial and eternal? Is it faith in the fleshly Christ—faith in Jesus as a bodily presence in the world? Paul will not have it so. He will not know even Jesus "after the flesh." To accept in our thinking and feeling the fleshly, bodily presence of our Lord is to be in the realm of the material. It is simply an intellectual exercise. We do accept it as a matter of fact and history, but that of itself has no overcoming and conquering power. That does not help us to rise superior to the visible and thus to overcome it—to shake off the bondage of the sensuous and visible. Again, we ask, what sort of faith in Jesus is it that overcomes the world? Sight will reveal to us only a Jewish peasant; faith enables us to recognize the spiritual and unseen presence of divine beauty and goodness, manifesting itself for a while in the flesh, and then, through that temporary manifestation, seeking eternal manifestation in our lives—in the men and women of this day.

The faith, therefore, in Jesus which overcomes the world, which has conquering power, is that which appropriates him as an unseen, but inspiring presence in the human heart—which makes him a dominating and controlling

energy in all our thinking and feeling. And so it is added in this Scripture,—"He that hath the Son"—as a spiritual possession—"hath life."

To appropriate this life is to overcome the world as Jesus overcame it—to overcome it by sharing his mind about it, as for instance that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth; to overcome it by sharing his spirit in the treatment of it—the spirit which ever recognized the invisible good beneath the outward and visible evil, and sought to set it free; to overcome it by sharing his faith in the final victory of righteousness—catching enthusiasm from that which does not as yet appear—and to share his faith that out of suffering joy shall come—"looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of the faith"—who recognized joy in the cross—who pierced the visible and saw the invisible heaven of happiness beneath it.

To believe in Jesus in this way—appropriating and making our own his mind, his spirit, his faith—is to overcome the world through faith in him.

II

GOD'S POWER

For I am not ashamed of the gospel: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.—ROM. 1:16.

I HAVE chosen a most familiar text—one that has done battle in many a theological controversy, and one that has been wielded most successfully in winning men to a loving acceptance of Jesus Christ as their Savior. It is a *great* text—great as respects its subject-matter, bringing before us in small compass the mighty words—Gospel, power, faith and salvation—and great in its marvelous sweep and comprehensiveness, for how much is involved in the simple language employed. Let us study it today afresh, opening our souls to the reception of whatever blessing it may contain.

We read the opening word—the Gospel—and its familiar sound is pleasant to the ear. It casts over us its own spell—a heavenly spell. As David said of the sword with which he beheaded his enemy, so we say of this glorious Gospel whose victories cannot be numbered—"Give us that. There is none like it." None like it! So we say and feel as we read of its

mighty achievements in the earth. None like it! So we say and feel when it is brought into comparison with whatever other religions have to offer to weary and heavy-laden humanity. In this sign we conquer. Under this banner we will fight.

Paul was not ashamed of it in Imperial Rome—the mistress of the world. What a message! It is the good-tidings of God "concerning his Son Jesus Christ"—telling us of the love that gave Jesus to die. It is a revelation of the life of God—for in the life of Jesus Christ the kind of righteousness that God wants us to have is made manifest. It is a message adapted to all men and all classes, therefore universal in its nature. It is the great panacea for a sin-sick world, and therefore the apostle felt himself in duty bound to preach it wherever an opportunity offered.

The Gospel is God's love-letter to the world, in which by showing forth his love in the death of Christ he tells us how intense is his desire for our recovery from sin—and in which, by manifesting his own righteousness in the life of Christ, he appeals to us: "Be ye holy as I am holy." Let us not seek to compress this Gospel in the narrow limits of a definition. Very many things are true of it; certain facts form component parts of it—but the things that enter into it are so infinite in their suggestive-

ness that we cannot say that our definition embraces all of the Gospel. That is to make our little ceiling the infinite dome of heaven. That is to say that the word sky, which we can write on a piece of paper and put in our pocket, is coextensive with the magnificent blue beyond whose horizon no mortal can go.

I wish this morning to talk to you of the Gospel as God's power unto salvation and the necessary means to be employed in making that power effective in securing this gracious end.

I. First, the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. It is not only a message, but a message surcharged with divine power. It not only recites certain great facts—the death, burial and resurrection of Christ—but these facts throb with divine energy. It not only brings before us the righteousness of God, exemplified in the perfect life of Christ, but that righteousness is mighty unto the conquest of sin. One distinguishing characteristic of the Gospel is power; the characteristic of the law is weakness—"that which the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God by sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, condemned sin in the flesh." The Gospel is God's power to "condemn" or kill sin in the flesh—to forgive our sins—and then to com-

pletely deliver us from the power and dominion of sin.

The very purpose of the Gospel indicates the need of divine power to accomplish it. Think of it! Man needs pardon—needs the power to conquer self—and needs the inspiration and motive that will keep him in the path of duty. Where, outside the Gospel, can these things be found? This the Gospel offers, as we shall see. It is God's power to turn man from sin—and thus bring about his forgiveness; God's power to enable him to daily conquer sin and God's power to inspire him to holy living—ever leading him up to that which is still higher and better.

Let us now consider, for a few moments, the nature of this power. What kind of power is it?

(a) It must be remembered that it is God's power unto salvation. It must be a power, therefore, suited to secure this end. The end to be secured is salvation. But salvation is subjective. It simply means the deliverance of the soul from sin. God forgives, but the forgiveness must be a soul experience, and day by day as we are being delivered from the power of sin, it is a process going on within. It is a soul-state, and hence the power that is to bring about that spiritual condition must be a spiritual power. It is not an outside power,

working from without, but it is a power appropriated by the soul, which works from within. This we shall emphasize more, presently. Just now you can see why all theories of conversion and salvation that represent the Holy Spirit as exerting physical power cannot be upheld. The very nature of salvation forbids them.

(b) In what, then, does the spiritual power of the Gospel consist? What is there in the Gospel in the way of power, that when appropriated by man will result in his salvation?

(1) The power of divine love. "God so loved," etc. This is the divine appeal to man to turn away from sin. Men go on in sin when they think nobody cares. What is the use of being good? God loves you. He cares. To show you how much he cares; to make known to you how passionate is his desire for your recovery; to tell you how intense is his anxiety—he gives his only Son. Oh, if this will not lead men to turn away from sin, nothing will. That is the meaning of the death of Christ. Infinitely more it may mean, but that is on its face. It is God's appeal to man to repent, to love him in view of his own love to man. Is there no *power* in such love? Who has not felt the power of human love? A mother's love has drawn back many a wanderer. The poor boy has said, "Mother cares;

she loves me. It will break her heart." And he has turned to righteousness.

(2) Furthermore we have in the Gospel the power of a perfect example. We are not only to be turned away from sin, but we need to know what kind of life we must live in order to be acceptable to God. Here again the Gospel comes to our rescue. "For therein is revealed the righteousness of God which is by faith." "For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." In other words, in the life and character of Christ we have the righteousness that is acceptable to God. This is what is demanded—the Christ-life; not the legal, ceremonial, and impossible righteousness of the old Jewish law. Legal, in that outward conformity would meet all of its requirements; ceremonial, in that it was supposed that efficacy was attached to outward observances, and impossible, in that no man could keep them. The righteousness which the Gospel requires demands not only that a man's outward life be clean, but that his heart be right, and subordinates all outward observances to the rank of helps to the development of the spiritual life.

The only kind of righteousness that will deliver us from sin is a righteousness of the heart. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." It is the Christ-life that calls us.

(3) But we need more in trying to get rid of sin and to live a life of righteousness. We need to have the inspiration which comes from the belief that the goal toward which we have started—perfection of character—is possible of attainment. Can we ever be entirely rid of sin? Can we ever be completely freed from these appetites and passions? As we plod along, falling time and again, we need a great hope to sustain us. This the Gospel gives us. It brings to us the "power of the life to come." The resurrection of Christ from the dead tells us of a future life, and so we hope that however imperfect here our lives may be, there is eternity in which they may attain unto perfection. This hope inspires us and nerves us. This leads us to do our best, confident that in another land the great work will be finished.

Oh, the mighty power of the Gospel—the power of divine love calling us to a new life; the power of a perfect example pointing the way, and the power of a mighty hope bidding us remember that after a while—some sweet day—we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as he is! Then perfection.

2. Let it be granted that this power is in the Gospel—the power of divine love pleading with us to be good, the power of a perfect life awakening within us aspirations to be good, and the power of a mighty hope proclaiming

to discouraged men and women the possibility of attaining unto this goodness. But of what avail is power *outside* ourselves? Of what use is the stored-up energy of steam or electricity so long as it remains unharnessed and unemployed? So this power of the Gospel—this divine energy that is in the good tidings of God—must somehow become power *in ourselves*, else the desired result of the power will not be secured. How then can this power of love become an energizing influence in me? How can this perfect life of Christ be converted into the power of holiness in my living? How can this mighty hope become a real thing —no longer something to be talked about, but a living, throbbing hope in my own breast? In a word, how can the power of the Gospel be brought from outside inside? How can it be made to work within me in securing my salvation? The individual salvation of every sinner is the end to be secured by this power, and since, as we have seen, the power is spiritual because of the nature of salvation, it must work from within outward. It must become power in us. By what means, through what agency, can this be accomplished?

The answer is found in the little phrase, "to every one that believeth." Faith is the channel of power. It is the electric cord, which by establishing connection with the dynamo, con-

verts the stored-up energy into the active power that lights our rooms and drives our cars. I think that the philosophy of this matter is not difficult to understand.

Let it be understood that simple intellectual belief will not, cannot secure for us the salvation sought. It cannot bring the power of the Gospel to work with us. Intellectual belief leaves the Gospel outside us practically. We have accepted as true certain propositions. They have not been converted into *power*—working within us.

Hence the faith of the Gospel—the faith enjoined as the means of securing salvation—is the faith of the heart. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." That is, with the whole inner man we believe. We do not simply accept as true the Gospel, giving our mental assent to its truthfulness, but the whole inner man accepts it—the affections leading us to love and desire the blessings it offers and the life it presents; our conscience pressing upon us the obligation to do whatever that Gospel enjoins; our will resolving to execute all that is required of us. The whole inner man believes. Such belief necessarily involves action—obedience. If we believe *with the heart* that God loves us, then our affections give back an answering love; our conscience says we ought to recognize such love by any

obedience which may be required; our will says, "Whatsoever he saith unto us, we will do it."

So of the life that is revealed. And so of the hope that is offered. It becomes real through obedience—not the primary obedience of baptism alone, but a lifetime obedience as well.

Thus salvation is the result. This faith—laying hold of affections, conscience, will—leads us to obey the Lord Jesus Christ. Our hearts are softened by this great love, and we love in return; the beautiful life of Christ to which we have been called so appeals to us by its attractiveness and by the inspirations of this love that we come to hate sin and turn from it in sincere repentance; our will is laid hold of and we willingly and cheerfully render the obedience in baptism which our Lord enjoins. And thus we are brought into that relation to God in which he can forgive us. We are pardoned. Then this faith, still embracing the whole man, brings our affections, our conscience and our will into the work of making the life of Christ our own, and thus being delivered every day from the evil.

And all along we have this mighty hope of complete conquest cheering us and making us to press forward with renewed energy and zeal to the attainment of complete perfection.

Through faith then the power of the Gospel —the power of love, the power of holiness, the

power of hope—becomes power in ourselves, by leading us to obey Christ in all of his appointments and to follow him to the end of our days.

III

THE NATURAL MAN AND THE SPIRITUAL MAN

Now the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them, because they are spiritually judged.—1 Cor. 2:14.

Who is the "natural man" of our text? Who is the "spiritual man"? Says this writer in another connection: "There is a natural man and there is a spiritual man"—not that there are two distinct individuals, one natural and the other spiritual, but that each individual is part natural and part spiritual. Each one of us has faculties and powers which have to do with earthly things—with the things of time and space. That is the part of us which is denominated the "natural man." This is the man who operates through the five senses, or who will accept as true only that which is demonstrable to the intellect. He is the man who receives as real only that of which the senses take cognizance, or which can be put in the logical forms of human thought. On the other hand, each of us has faculties and powers that enable him to recognize and appropriate heavenly things—"the things of the Spirit of

God." This part of us is denominated the "spiritual man." This is the man who loves and worships, who sees the invisible, who "bears the image of the heavenly," to whom knowledge comes through faith and hope and love—to whom unseen beauty is as real as that which can take form and outline on the painter's canvas, to whom God and Christ and heaven and righteousness are as much certainties as mountains and oceans are to the physical eye or a theorem of geometry to the logical intellect. If, as Paul asserts, man is composed of body, soul and spirit, then the natural man would embrace all that part of us which is not spiritual—in other words, the body with its physical senses, and the soul or intellect, that in the fulfillment of its office need deal only with the physical phenomena of the universe. The spiritual man claims as his territory all the vast realm of the affections and aspirations—that vast territory where rule and reign the invisible forces of righteousness—that region of highest reality, to which we give the name of religion.

Let us remember that the spiritual nature is not the exclusive possession of the chosen few. It is the common inheritance of the race. The spiritual man uses the spiritual nature, cultivates it, refuses to treat it as non-existent, feeds it with such food as will make it grow,

recognizes it to be as truly a part of himself as his body or his intellectual faculties; whereas the natural man lives as though he had no other possession than body and mind—no other faculties than those which have to do with the physical universe, no other powers than those which are bounded by the limitations of time and space. His only true self, his immortal self, his real self, upon which is stamped the image of God, is neglected or ignored. The world of spirit is for him non-existent. He simply fails to exercise the spiritual part of him and suffers, inevitably, the consequence.

1. Consider, then, the disadvantages and deprivations of the "natural man," the loss which is not arbitrary, but inevitable.

(a) "He receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God." What a magnificently comprehensive declaration is this—"the things of the Spirit of God"! The power of God as displayed in the divine self-sacrifice; the wisdom of God in using the simple story of love to win the world of humanity to righteousness; the depth of divine meaning hidden in an ignoble cross; the divinity and glory of suffering love; the omnipotence of meekness and forgiveness, as exemplified by a dying Saviour—these are some of "the things of the Spirit of God" which the "natural man receiveth not." This is the "wisdom not of this world," the wisdom

"which God ordained before the world unto our glory, which none of the princes of this world knew; for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." Being "natural men"—men who failed to recognize that they had any spiritual nature—men who had to do with the glittering externals of office and the strength of physical force—they were unfitted to receive spiritual things. The "princes of this world," through neglect of the spiritual self, failed to realize their gracious opportunity. They crucified the "Lord of glory" because being spiritually blind, ignoring the power of the human spirit to see invisible beauty, and using only the inferior part of their being, they could "see in him no form or comeliness." And so the history of the world shows that the "natural man"—the man who uses only his physical senses or his logical intellect—has always failed to "receive the things of the Spirit of God"—all the high, beautiful and divine realities of religion. How poverty-stricken becomes his nature!

(b) Not only so; these "things of the Spirit of God" are foolishness to the "natural man." He not only does not receive them, but they are foolishness. The cultivated Greek, ignoring his spirit, and giving attention to the body and intellect, said: "We have an eye that can scan the beautiful in form and

figure. Carve for us a statue, or glorify your canvas with an immortal painting that we can appreciate. Or deliver for us an oration, giving attention to 'excellency of speech' and to strength of reasoning—that is what we want—the 'wisdom of words.' That appeals to the intellect. But this 'preaching of the cross'—this telling us of the divine love, and sacrifice, and forgiveness, and meekness, and patience—that is foolishness. This talk of immortality and eternal life—that is beyond us, that is out of our realm—it is foolishness." So it has ever been. The "natural man," living in the realm of the natural, always looks upon the spiritual as foolishness. Hence the ridicule to which Christianity has been subjected by the coarse and vulgar minds of the world; hence the sneer and cool contempt of your man of science, who thinks that there can be nothing for the heart which the cold intellect can not give, and hence the condescending smile with which your man of the world receives any reference to the verities of religion. Alas! he does not realize that it is "foolishness" to him, because he has starved his own spirit—because he himself is in an abnormal state—with keen physical senses, and perhaps a cultivated mind, but with the spiritual part of him smothered.

(c) But now consider that the "natural man" can not receive these things. Says the

writer: "He cannot know them, because they are spiritually judged." That is a simple proposition. There are certain things with which the natural man has to do, and certain things with which the spiritual man has to do. The natural man, with the faculties which belong to him, simply can not see the things which are apparent to the spiritual man, using the power which is inherent in his spirit. You can not see with your ear, or hear with your eye. No more can you discern spiritual things with the eye of sense or the logical intellect. They are to be spiritually judged. You are to see them and know them through the medium of your spirit. This is what the apostle says: "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man [his merely intellectual nature] the things which God hath prepared for those that love him." These spiritual things do not belong to the region of the senses; they do not belong to the region of mathematics—they are known to love, the organ of spiritual knowledge. Until one gives attention to the cultivation of his spirit —until he recognizes that he has a spiritual part as well as a natural part—he not only does not receive the things of the Spirit of God, but he can not receive them. He is using wrong instruments. He is trying to weigh a thought

with scales, or to measure an aspiration with a yard-stick.

2. But now turn to consider some of the characteristics of the spiritual man and the richness of life involved in his high position.

(a) First, he is a loving man. That which "eye hath not seen" and "ear hath not heard," and thought fastened upon material things "hath not conceived," that God "hath revealed" unto those that love Him. It is a present revelation which love claims. Love is the organ of the spirit, and sees God who is love. The loving spirit, because it loves, finds love as the central thought of the universe—love as the heart of the Gospel, love as the law of life, love victorious over death. Our physical senses can not secure for us this revelation, nor can the logical intellect secure this revelation. "The understanding is that by which a man becomes a mere logician and a mere rhetorician, it is simply that by which he reasons from the impressions received through the senses. I can not prove the being of a God, if by proof I mean that addressed to the understanding. I can not prove to any man that there is a sun, unless he has an eye to see it, or that good is better than evil, unless there is a correspondence in his own being to the eternal difference between them. God must be felt by the heart, intuitively perceived by the

spirit, before he can be demonstrated to the understanding. If a man does not feel in every fibre of his heart a divine presence, I can not prove that it is there, or anywhere else. For the evidence of the senses can never be more certain than the conviction of the spirit." "He that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." To him who is pure, purity is a reality; to him who loves, God is a reality. Self-sacrifice, forgiveness, obedience, all the fruits of love, and all the joys of love, are realities.

(b) He is a profound man. "For the Spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God," and "we have received the Spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given unto us of God." The senses have to do with the surface of things. The understanding has to do with the natural, communicated by the senses, and hence is superficial—dealing only with physical phenomena. It may explore the heavens; it may weigh the stars; it may make the earth yield its secrets; but so long as it limits itself to the natural world or worlds, it is superficial. The Spirit knows God—the divine life—which is underneath all the manifestations we behold. The Spirit finds God, and the deep truths that are associated with God. It rejoices in his love; it worships before his holiness; it is awed into adoration before his cross; it recognizes his

benevolence and breaks forth into gratitude; it shares his peace; it partakes of his nature. "It knows the things that are freely given unto us of God." Oh, what an uplift! What dignity these deep things of God, known only to the spiritual man, give to life! There is the earth's surface, and then deeper the cold, dark, cheerless soil, and then deeper the central fire. So there is the superficial view of life—the senses; the puzzled view of the philosopher, who uses only his logical faculties; the deepest view of all, that which discovers the heart of the universe—the central fire—God and the things of God.

(c) The spiritual man is comprehensive in his activities and sympathies and life. "He that is spiritual judgeth all things." He does not forget that he has a body. He uses his senses, and so he can examine all the things with which eye and ear have to do. He does not forget that he has an intellect—an understanding that must and can pass on the phenomena which come to him through his senses. He can be a man of science or he can be a philosopher who loves all the forms and processes of thought. But in addition he does not forget that he has a spirit, and therefore he moves out into a realm that the natural man knows not—the realm of spiritual things. He judges all that the natural man does—using

the powers of the natural man. He can go with him into all his activities of matter and mind. Only he goes farther—and into this further realm into which he goes the natural man can not come. "Here he is judged of no man." Only the spiritual man can enter here, and the natural man's judgment is of no avail. Simply because he can not judge in this realm, the natural man looks upon this spiritual life as foolishness. It is to him strange and unaccountable. It seems to him weak and insipid. But to the spiritual man himself, how easy, how natural, how beautiful this whole spiritual life is! It seems to him monstrous that any man should forget that he has a spirit, and that by cultivating it he can come into a sphere where "all things are new." Cultivate the spirit. It is the "high place that shrines God's image." It is the kingly part of us, and body and soul must recognize its sovereignty.

IV

A SOUL-BATTLE

Surely God is good to Israel,
Even to such as are pure in heart.—PSALM 73:1.

OUR text records the conviction of a soul victorious over doubt—a conviction reached through doubt. After a hard-fought battle in which he declares "my feet were almost gone, my steps had well-nigh slipped"—a spiritual conflict involving the very foundation of his faith—he stands at last triumphant over his fears and serene in his recovered faith. "Truly God *is* good to Israel." There is no longer any question. At last assurance has been gained. He is no longer on the great, rolling, tumultuous sea of uncertainty; he has at last planted his feet on the rock. The description given of another's experience most accurately portrays the tremendous soul-conflict which the writer of the psalm undergoes and which he so clearly and vividly brings before us in the succeeding verses. "He had been glad in the Beautiful House and seen the Delectable Mountains from afar; he had gone down the hill with enthusiasm and pleasant thoughts, but Apollyon met him in the valley

and broken by the battle, but unsubdued, he walked in tenfold gloom through the valley of the shadow of death, with the fiends whispering dark doubts in his ears, till he half believed them to be his own—stumbling and fainting, but ever going onward—till at last emerging victorious, he went up upon the hills to see with clearer vision than before through the glass of Faith the shining of the Celestial City."

Only the man who has gone through such an experience can understand its bitterness, and the thrill which comes with emancipation. The psalmist describes his own suffering, when he says, "My heart was grieved and I was pricked in my veins." The honest doubter cannot be happy, and when one's doubt involves something so vital as the goodness of God—truly his wretchedness cannot be put in words. Better that God should not be at all than that he should not be good. One would be happier to believe that there is no God rather than believe that he lives only to outrage one's moral nature. If he be not good, his love is only a name; his justice is but an arbitrary exercise of sovereign will; his power is that of a demon. His goodness alone is the guarantee of safety for his children. "Tell me thy name" is the deepest question of the soul—

is it Force, Chance, Destiny or Love? Is God good?

It was the goodness of God which the Psalmist doubted. The very foundation was involved. The grounds of his doubt have always been in the world, and so his doubt has been shared by thousands of others. It is the old question—"If God is good, why does he seemingly approve evil, by permitting the prosperity of the wicked?" The psalmist looks out upon the world and his bleared vision beholds the "prosperity of the wicked." He does not see clearly, as he afterwards admits. But with his imperfect vision, it seems to him that the wicked die easier than the righteous—"there are no bands in their death; their strength is firm." "They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men." They are proud and violent, and yet they prosper—"their eyes stand out with fatness; they have more than heart could wish." They uphold oppression and say, "How doth God know? And is there knowledge in the most High?"—and yet they increase in riches. And so this tempest-tossed soul concludes that goodness has no special divine favor and that it is not worth one's while to try to be good. "Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain." "I have been," he goes on in the bitterness of his complaint,

"I have been plagued all the day long and chastened every morning." Where is the use of being good? Where is there any proof that God is good? "Virtue in distress and vice in triumph make atheists of mankind." Successful wickedness, and suffering righteousness—who of us has not at times had our dark and despondent moods when we thought of this moral paradox? If God is good—why does oppression sit upon a throne, while right so often goes begging in the streets? Why does Dives live in luxury and Lazarus in wretchedness? It was such questioning as this which bred his doubts and carried him almost into the gloom of despair. Our text announces his victory, and we shall consider in a moment the basis of his recovered faith.

Before passing to the psalmist's antidote, there are two things suggested in this experience that we may do well to remember.

(a) The first is that honest doubt is not sinful. The psalmist condemns himself as "foolish and ignorant and brutish," but he adds, "Nevertheless I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand." Surely God does not forsake a man in such an experience! It is precisely then that man most needs God. Doubt of God's goodness is foolish, short-sighted—but if it comes to a man with the force of a crushing conviction, it is

not criminal. Only, let him make a manly fight. The mists will presently be dissipated, and then comes sunshine.

(b) The second thing is, don't talk about your doubts. "If I say—I will speak thus: behold I should offend against the generation of thy children." Fight your own battle. Tell men what you believe. They have plenty of doubts of their own. Don't offend against the generation of God's children.

2. Now consider the grounds on which the conviction of our text is based and his reasoning until assurance comes.

(1) These doubts continued with him, he says, "until I went into the sanctuary of God." Here, in his meditation, he begins to see clearly. He begins to look at those things which are not seen—going beneath the surface. Shortness of vision was his trouble. And then he discovers—

(a) That the wicked do not find happiness with their prosperity. Outwardly they seem to be happy, but the fact is that they are in "slippery places." They have no firm footing —no sense of security—and hence no peace. God has put the rebuke of wickedness into wickedness itself. Wickedness carries its own sting. "There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God." "They are like the troubled sea when it can not rest." Their prosperity is

no evidence of God's approval; their wretchedness is the stamp of his disapproval. Goodness only brings joy, and thus is crowned by the Almighty.

(b) Wickedness is short-lived. There is prosperity for a day—yes; but wickedness is doomed. "How are they brought into desolation as in a moment! They are utterly consumed with terrors." "The good word lasts forever; the impure word can only buoy itself in the gross gas that now envelops us, and will sink altogether to ground as that works itself clear in the everlasting effort of God."

"Towards an eternal center of right and nobleness and of that only is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending, what will have victory, what will have none. The heaviest will reach the center." Wickedness is doomed. It may have its bonfires and its ringing bells—it must go down. Righteousness endures forever. "For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be; yea thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be. But the meek shall inherit the earth and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace." God has stamped his approval on goodness by making it everlasting.

(c) Hence the wicked are self-deceived. The psalmist expresses it, "As a dream when

one awaketh." They are dreaming of peace, when destruction standeth at the door. They are saying peace, peace—when there is no peace. They are as a city that has been mined —in a moment explosion and death come.

(d) Finally all doubt is dissipated, and the mists flee away, by considering the portion of the righteous. Let it be granted that he has suffering—he has something better than riches—God. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever."

The reward of righteousness is not material, but spiritual; not gold, but God. This is the promise, the fulfillment of which means our unshaken faith in the goodness of God.

And through such reasonings the tempest-tossed soul at last finds anchor in the haven of our text. Of the good voice, finally victorious, Tennyson sings—

> "So heavenly-toned, that in that hour
> From out my sullen heart a power
> Broke like the rainbow from the shower—
>
> "To feel, although no tongue can prove,
> That every cloud that spreads above
> And veileth love, itself is love."

V

CHRIST'S TREATMENT OF DOUBT, OR FAITH TRIUMPHANT

I WISH it to be understood that I am speaking of doubt as contradistinguished from infidelity. Infidelity is the denial of the supernatural; doubt is mental uncertainty. The former is aggressive and defiant, the latter is passive and inquisitive; the former declares, "There is no God," the latter asks, "Is there a God?" Infidelity regards the case as settled, doubt is open to conviction. The one is a hardened mental and spiritual condition; the other is often the precursor of faith. This distinction should be borne in mind while I quote to you the following statement from a book of Dr. Henry Van Dyke:

"As soon as we step out of the theological circle into the broad field of general reading, we see that we are living in an age of doubt. I do not mean to say that this is the only feature in the physiognomy of the age. It has many other aspects, from any one of which we might pick a name. From the material side, we might call it an age of progress; from the intellectual side, an age of science; from the medical side, an age of hysteria; from the

political side, an age of democracy; from the commercial side, an age of advertisement; from the social side, an age of publicomania. But looking at it from the spiritual side, which is the preacher's point of view, and considering that interior life to which every proclamation of a gospel must be addressed, beyond a doubt it stands confessed as a doubting age." It is not an age of infidelity, but an age of questioning. Nothing is too sacred for examination. Is there a God? Is the soul anything more than "a certain secretion of the gray matter in the brain"? Is there a life beyond death? "The age stands in doubt," says the author already mentioned. "Its coat-of-arms is an interrogation point rampant above three bishops dormant, and its motto is Query." The literature of the age is proof of its doubt. Not to mention the greater writers like Huxley and Tyndall—not to enter the realm of poetry, "In how many lighter novels of the day," it has been asked, "do we find any recognition, even between the lines, of the influence which the idea of God or its absence, the practice of prayer or its neglect, actually exercises upon the character and conduct of men?" In speaking of Christ's treatment of doubt I shall refer to Thomas, the doubter in the apostolic school, and his example, as well, furnishes two phases, at least, of the doubt of our own age, which

redeems it from hard infidelity and gives promise of its final emergence into faith.

For the most part, it has been said, modern doubt shows a sad and pain-drawn face, heavy with grief and dark with apprehension. The case of Thomas illustrates this hopeful phase of doubt. On the evening of the day when Jesus rose from the dead, the Disciples were together, and the risen Lord appeared unto them. Thomas was absent. He did not believe that Jesus had risen, and so in solitude he nursed his grief. There was no more wretched man than Thomas. He did not glory in his unbelief; he was utterly miserable. He longed to believe. There is always hope in this suffering. "The great Companion is dead," says one, but the sentence is a sigh of inexpressible regret. The man who jests about his doubts, has never truly thought; the man whose doubts bring to him the pain of loss is on his way to faith. Is there any loss comparable to the loss of faith? No earnest soul can be satisfied until firm footing has once again been secured.

Another phase in the doubt of Thomas was its refusal to be divorced from service. On one occasion, when Jesus was determined to face the dangers which awaited him in Judea on his journey to Bethany, Thomas said: "Let us also go that we may die with him." He did

not believe his Master possessed power to defend himself, yet, having no buoyant faith, he was yet willing to die. This is the spirit to-day of very much of the independent work in the interest of better social conditions. Men are saying, "We do not believe the old dogmas; we do not believe the Christian argument any longer; but one thing is sure, we are here in the midst of sin and sorrow, let us lend a hand." And here again is hope, for the man who holds fast to service will presently be driven to faith as a necessity; for he will find that his own arm is too short to save, and his own strength is insignificant in dealing with his problems. Sin sometimes brings about the same result, for the sinner finds that sin is weakness, and that the old faith alone can sustain him in re-conquering the lost territory of his soul. Now observe Christ's treatment of doubt: He condemns formalism, hypocrisy, self-conceited piety and that irresponsiveness and hardness of heart which closed its eyes and shut its ears to truth; but not honest doubt. Better doubt than indifference. The man who doubts is at least interested enough to think.

Jesus offers himself as the solution of doubt. When Thomas asked concerning our Lord's departure from earth, "We know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?"

Jesus gave no geographical answer. This mind of Thomas demanded a sign-board with a finger pointing in the direction he must go. It was a materialistic challenge. Jesus makes answer: "I am the way, the truth, the life." Virtually he says, "You know not what you ask. I am not speaking of territory in terms of miles, but of spiritual residence. The way is my life."

There are three great questions about which modern doubt hovers—questions that are vital and fundamental. They go deeper than the dogmas of the churches. These questions are: Is there a spiritual world? Is there a God? Is there a future life? To each of these questions Jesus offers himself as answer.

Is there a spiritual world—a world of thought, feeling, love, unselfishness? There are those who tell us that nothing exists but matter and that the soul itself is nothing more than "the secretion of gray matter." Consequently, love is nothing more than a material product—a resultant of mere physical processes.

Jesus is himself the proof of this spiritual world. He says: "I come from the Father." He attributed his love, his unselfishness—his character, to a divine source—a source other than matter. And the proof is in the character itself. It is as though the wind should say: "I come from the land of flowers and the proof

is in the fragrance I bear." Or the fire: "I come from the sun and the proof is in the heat I bear." So Jesus says: "I come from God—from a world other than this earthly one, and the proof is in the atmosphere of that world I bring with me. It is found in the warmth and fragrance that are in my life." If there be no flower garden, then fragrance is a delusion; if there be no sun, then heat is a fancy; if there be no spiritual world, then this heavenly fragrance and warmth which Christ brought with him is a dream.

Can it be a dream? Jesus says: "I am the way"—the way to the realization of the actuality of this spiritual world. There is that in every man which can test the actuality of this world. "Judge ye out of your own selves what is right!" "If any man will to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." In other words, live this Christ life and ye shall verify the Christ-experience—the reality of a spiritual world. Be pure and you shall know there is purity. Be true and you shall know there is truth.

Is there a God? Truly this is the deepest of questions. Allen would have it that "it is the prodding of the evening midge for its opinion of the polar star." Rather we should say it is the cry of a child for the knowledge of its father. I stop not to consider the many argu-

ments advanced in proof of the existence of God. Jesus offers himself as the answer. "I am the truth" of God. If the character of Christ is not itself proof of the existence of God, then you can have effulgence without a sun, a smile without a face, a character without a personality. That character is a manifestation of God as surely as heat is a manifestation of fire. There can be no other explanation. In other words, Jesus offers us the proof of God's existence in terms of life and experience. "I am the truth." Be like me and you shall know the truth in your own conscious experience.

"Is there a future life?" Jesus offers himself again as proof. "I am the life."

He declared this life. "He that believeth in me shall never die." This testimony is worth just as much as our faith in his word is worth. Does his character justify our confidence?

He reveals the nature of this life. It is a life of love and service and purity—not simple existence.

He offers the proof of its actuality in his own resurrection from the dead. The case of Thomas is only one of the many proofs of this transcendent fact.

In the case of Thomas we behold the transfiguration of doubt. It passes into adoration and worship. Thomas was convinced by the

crucifixion marks of the resurrection of Jesus; the identity of the man who was now before him and the man whom he knew to have been crucified and buried was clearly established. So far the intellect only is involved. It is a mere matter of conviction. But in a moment the stickler for proofs, under the spell of this Master, whom he had mourned as dead, becomes the ardent worshiper. "My Lord and my God!" is the cry of his adoring soul. In our Lord's treatment of the doubt of Thomas we seem to be taught the end and purpose of faith. It is of no avail that men be convinced of the existence of God if they are not led to bow before him as God. Intellectual conviction concerning the divinity of Christ must bring the soul to the recognition of his authority as Lord; to lead men out of doubt into conviction is not to better them unless the conviction shall bring them before the sacred shrine as servants and worshippers. Logic must ever be the handmaid of life, else the pursuit of truth is only a pleasurable mental exercise, with no end or aim. What is the aim of your demand for proofs? Is it simple mental satisfaction? Then it is not worth your while. Is it that your life may be glorified by worship, service and sacrifice? Then the very longing itself will prove the pathway to light.

VI

EASTER HOPES

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.—1 PETER 1:3, 4.

THE text itself is an argument. It expresses a change in the minds of the disciples from despondency to hope, from gloom to joy, from doubt to faith. If there be no adequate cause to explain this change, a psychological miracle has been wrought without reason.

The resurrection of our Lord alone meets the exigencies of the problem. That is the explanation which the disciples themselves give. Such an occurrence is absolutely necessary to explain this marked transition from the deepest despondency to a faith and hope which welcomed persecution and death itself. It was the birth of the world's new hope.

Consider some of the elements of this hope. Its keynote is victory. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." That is the meaning of Easter. Let the bells ring. Let

the flowers breathe their fragrance. Let music float out in inspiring strains. Our Lord hath triumphed over death and hath given to us the rich assurance that we, too, may be conquerors.

There is also involved the hope of the final victory of holiness. It was not possible that "he should be holden of death," because holiness cannot be kept in any sepulcher. "Thou wilt not suffer thy holy one to see corruption." It was the power of holiness that raised Jesus from the dead, and by this token we are led to believe that holiness the day will win. It has its temporary defeats, but it is unconquerable. On every field of conflict where wages the battle between right and wrong, the banner of Christ's holiness shall yet float victoriously. This elemental principle will burst every grave in which it may be temporarily buried. It will ride over every foe which stands in the path of its victorious march. Clothed with this holiness we are endued with the power which raised Christ from the dead and which shall also quicken our mortal bodies, and which in its very nature is irresistible and incapable of permanent defeat.

Furthermore, there is involved in this hope the deep desire and the earnest expectation that we shall meet the loved ones gone before, and shall one day be presented to the illustrious dead of all the ages. They are living some-

where in the far away, and because they live we cherish the hope that when we pass hence we shall greet them. This is part of the gladness of Easter. "We sorrow not as those who have no hope." This is the reason we bring our flowers and our songs and our loud hallelujahs. Our dead are not shut up in any sepulcher. They enjoy the liberty of life.

> "Those we call the dead
> Are breathers of an ampler day,
> For ever nobler ends."

And so this love in our hearts for them—this love that we feel to be undying—leads us to think of the joyous day of reunion.

Through this hope, again, we rest in the assurance of realized possibilites. If man cannot fix his soul in the conviction of immortality, then he alone of all God's creation strikes the note of incompleteness. The day fulfills itself in the dawn; the bud in the flower, the seed in the harvest, the river in the sea. But no man has ever lived—no matter how long his life—whose desires, aspirations and intuitions could find fulfilment in time. Life is too short. We do but just begin to develop here, and if there be no future life, man alone will be the great exception to the universal law which gives to every thing and being an opportunity to realize its life. His broken song shall yet round itself out into a glorious melody. His

highest dreams shall yet come true. His soaring imagination shall yet find that its loftiest flights have not transcended reality.

"Here sits he, shaping wings to fly,
His heart forebodes a mystery,
He names the name Eternity."

Christ's resurrection is the answer to this his foreboding, and the wings he is shaping will find ample scope for their exercise.

Our text tells us that we have been begotten again unto a living hope. It is living in its vividness and intensity. The world has ever entertained the hope of immortality, but not until the resurrection of Christ did it become clear and luminous. Prior to this time it was as the twilight, dim and uncertain. The glorious and full light of the sun flooding the earth with brightness was wanting. Now the dawn has given place to the day. It is sunrise in the world. The green grass is bediamonded by its light; the waters mirror back its glory; the flowers are tinted by its beauty, and the orchestra of nature under its inspiration is pouring forth such melodious and triumphant strains as might almost make the angels envious. There is light and warmth and beauty for all the sons of men, who no longer cherish this hope as a dream, but as a conviction founded on the sure word of promise—"Because I live, ye shall live also."

This hope shows itself to be living in that it

has energized every department of life and of thought. As the tree feels the life-giving sap flowing through its trunk and making its presence known in every branch and twig and leaf, so the world's civilization has grown and expanded and blossomed as it has yielded itself to this warm current of hope flowing through every vein and artery of its many-sided life. It has given to literature a strength and virility it never knew in those days, "when the skies were ashen and sober, and the leaves were crisped and sere." Poetry without this hope is a wail—a beautiful utterance with no throbbing heart to take away its chill; a frozen angel with no power to soar and sing. As representative of such poetry take these lines:

"From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving whatever gods may be,
That no life lives forever,
That dead men rise up never,
That e'en the weariest river winds somewhere to the sea."

Over against this lugubrious plaint, this moan of a soul that feels "no bright shoots of everlastingness" to startle it from its lethargy, hear these lines that are touched by the light of immortality:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the dawn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

Do you not feel the difference? So again to the Christian poet the evening star that glorifies the night is the new-risen morning star that greets the day. There is no death. The setting star is the rising star. It is this spirit of hope that has passed into assurance that gives to our highest poetry its inspiration and power.

This mighty hope throbs and thrills in the great music of the world. Sometimes it breathes upon us in some sweet strain, quiet and gentle as "the breath of summer flowers," telling of its hope timidly, but no less certainly. Again it breaks forth into triumphant utterance, as in Handel's grand Hallelujah chorus, as though it sought to fill every nook and corner of creation with its tumultuous joy. As another has said: "Such music lifts us up and restores in us the sublime consciousness of our own immortality. For it is in listening to sweet and noble strains of music that we feel uplifted, raised above ourselves. We move about in worlds not realized, we breathe a higher air, we seem to have seen white presences among the hills."

I need not speak of this hope as energizing life and character. We have felt "the power of an endless life" in our thoughts, which "pierce the night like stars"; in our aspirations, which proclaim that we were made for

another world than this; in our dissatisfaction with the perishable, which tells us we were not born to die. We have recognized the energy of this hope in its sustaining influence when "troubles gathered thick and thundered loud."

And at last when death has stood before us demanding the countersign, we have whispered "Hope," and passed in serenity the line which divides the seen from the unseen. It has brought strength to the reformer in his heroic enterprise. It has sustained the scholar in his proclamation of new and unwelcome truth. It has enabled the martyr to meet the lurid glare of the flame with the victorious smile of peaceful resignation. And it has strengthened the humble sufferer on the bed of death to pass from earth with a pæan of victory on his lips.

Truly it is a living and powerful hope. Christ has stored away in it the mightiest energy in creation—mightier than all other forces, because life is at its heart. "Life, forevermore!"

VII

MISSIONS: THE CROWNING GLORY OF THE CENTURY*

THE historian of the nineteenth century will lead us into a realm where "truth is stranger than fiction." The intimations and dreams of yesterday have become the realities of to-day. The marvelous no longer provokes marvel, and the wonderful has grown to be commonplace. Nothing surprises; everything is anticipated. "That which man has done is but earnest of the things he yet shall do." Gladstone has said that the first fifty years of this century mark more progress in art, science, invention and discovery than the previous five thousand years, the next twenty-five more than the previous fifty, and the next ten more than the previous twenty-five—a century, in short, whose achievements are so surpassing that "we must compare it, not with any preceding century or even with the last millennium, but with the whole historical period." As we gaze

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upon its intellectual and material triumphs, we are almost led to believe that some magician's wand has produced for us an unreal world, or that imagination has created a realm all her own, and has named it fact. Science has blossomed into tenderness in giving to pain-racked humanity antiseptic surgery and anæsthetics. Invention has brought from the "vasty deep" of speculation the "railway uniting distant cities, the steamship uniting distant nations, the cable uniting distant continents, the telephone uniting friends widely separated, the phonograph lending immortality to the voice"—to say nothing of minor discoveries whose light is only less as "one star differs from another star in glory." History has widened her domain until the past of which she takes cognizance is no longer marked by centuries, but cycles. We are told that "one hundred years ago there were no known facts concerning history older than those of Greece and Rome. Within the present century Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia have yielded monuments containing inscriptions that reach backward to a period of at least five thousand years." To tell the story of the purely intellectual and material contributions which have been made to our civilization during this wonderful century would require such knowledge as only the special student of this theme could

command. It is a story in which there is not one dull chapter from preface to appendix—the story of man inheriting the earth as he discovers its secrets, trains its forces, utilizes its stored-up energy, and lays under tribute all the past of time as incentive to new endeavors and greater triumphs.

Brilliant, however, as have been the intellectual and material achievements of this century, they do not constitute its crowning glory. All these things, dazzling though they be, may coexist with infamy. One has said: "The polished Greeks, the world's masters in the delights of language and in range of thought, and the commanding Romans, overawing the earth with their power, were little more than splendid savages, and the age of Louis XIV. of France, spanning so long a period of ordinary worldly magnificence, thronged by marshals bending under military laurels, enlivened by the unsurpassed comedies of Moliere, dignified by the tragic genius of Corneille, illumined by the splendors of Bossuet, is degraded by immoralities which can not be mentioned without a blush, by a heartlessness in comparison with which the ice of Nova Zembla is warm, and by a succession of deeds of injustice not to be washed out by the tears of all the recording angels in heaven." Civilization is a scepter over a limited realm; beyond this it is a broken

reed. It can give outward respectability, it can not redeem. A distinguished writer calls attention to one of the pictures on exhibition at the World's Fair, representing a savage standing on the banks of a stream, anxious, but ignorant of how, to cross the flood. "Knowledge toward the metal at his feet gave the savage an axe, knowledge toward the tree gave him a canoe, knowledge toward the union of canoes gave him a boat, knowledge toward the wind added sails, knowledge toward fire and water gave him the ocean steamer." But from whence shall come that higher knowledge without which his spirit shall remain undeveloped? "That man is a religious animal has assumed the purple among accepted facts." A material civilization ignores this fact, and therefore its brilliance can only dazzle; it has no deliverance for the soul that is ignorant of God. Because missions represent the highest ministry which man can exercise, and which man can receive—the ministry of making God known to man—they may be characterized not only as the crowning glory of the church, but as the crowning glory of the century. They are more than a feature of the century; they stand forth pre-eminent. As one has truly written, "Missions have come into view, during this century, like one of those vast continental upheavals in old geological times, when

out of the mists and vapors and submerging waters a new world has slowly lifted into light." They bring before us a work which combines within itself marvels greater than those wrought by steam or electricity, and whose influence transcends all other movements as far as the spiritual transcends the material.

If it be true that this missionary movement is a divine inspiration, then the facts of history reveal to us the hand of God preparing the church for her nineteenth-century task. All that goes before is full of significance, and facts have faces that shine with intelligent purpose. To use another's illustration, "To one who views Niagara from a distance the promise of all that afterwards happens that one sees in the river above is the infinitely absorbing thing. When within a mile of the end, the great river grows serious; everything begins to mean something; there is hurry and leap to right and left, tumultuous movement, with a darker frown settling over it—a setting of the current toward the one grand center, a gathering and massing of the waters for some magnificent purpose, a rolling together in a sort of terrible joy in anticipation of the final stupendous plunge." It is thus we feel as we contemplate some of the great facts introductory of this century. The revival of letters in the fifteenth century; the introduction of the printing-press, fitly termed

"the right arm of the quickened intellect"; the era of discovery; the spiritual uprising of the Reformation of the sixteenth century; the great revival of the eighteenth century—all these great facts are but the marshaling of the hosts for the coming conflict. They are as Niagara preparing for the final plunge. "Christianity," it has been said, "took four centuries to subdue the empire to Christ; it took eleven more to bring Europe under his sway. Eighteen hundred years have been required to begin even the universal missionary era." But at last the day comes when all things are ready. To the new century God gives the "white stone" which tells of its special work—the special thought of God concerning that age. If "to the fifteenth century belongs the revival of art and letters, to the sixteenth discovery, to the seventeenth the rise of liberty, to the eighteenth the fall of feudalism," to the nineteenth God whispers—world-wide evangelization. It is the glory of this century that it is fulfilling the divine purpose concerning it. When the time came, the man was not wanting. William Carey was fortunate in the time of his birth, for, as one has observed, "the best of good fortune is being born in the same hour with a great opportunity, arriving on the stage when the curtain is just being rung up." This man it was who "found the church dying, bade her rise and touch the

world's wretchedness, and go forth healed." After a thousand years of indifference to the command of her Lord, the church slowly arouses herself to the great duty which claims her. "A virgin breeze freshens the jaded day." The old church, so long unmindful of her past victories and her supreme mission, once again girds herself as "a strong man to run a race." The breath of a new morning is in the air. The new century accepts the work which should bring to all its coming years more glory than all else which men might exalt. The clock of time strikes the first hour in the history of a world movement. As we consider that work at the closing of the century—in the light of its aim, the difficulties it has overcome, its tremendous achievements, its far-reaching significance, and the clear purpose of God—we do not hesitate to declare that missions are the crowning glory of these one hundred years.

Let us consider more specifically in what consists the glory of missions—some of the simple but great facts which make the mission enterprise transcendent:

1. Comprehensively stated, it is the glory of saving. The purpose of missions is the revealed purpose of God concerning the world—the salvation of the race. The work of missions is the continued work of Christ—seeking and saving that which is lost. The spirit of

missions is the spirit that cares more for the groan of one wounded soul than for the shouts of thousands. The power of missions is the power of the gospel—that power which regenerates sinful man through his acceptance of the divine love, the divine forgiveness and the divine life. The missionary enterprise, in so far as the purpose of its inauguration is concerned, can lend itself to no lesser task than the salvation of lost and perishing souls. That is the end-all and be-all of its existence. And therein is revealed its crowning glory. All else is insignificant and trivial in comparison with a work which is the supreme thought of God, and whose importance is to be measured by the highest cross that was ever outlined against earthly horizon. The salvation of man! Could there be in heaven or on earth a grander or more glorious ministry? It means more than the forgiveness of sins, more than the transformation of the individual, more than the sense of personal security in one's relation to God. It means the salvation of home, of institutions, of marriage, of society, of government —of those things with which man has to do—the tools with which he works, the agencies through which his intellectual and spiritual life expresses itself. "Wake up taste in a man," says a writer, "and he beautifies his home; wake up his ideas of freedom, and he fashions

new laws. Jesus Christ is here to influence man's soul within, that he may transform and enrich his life without." It means the redemption and glorification of the earth itself, the transfiguration of man's environment. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." No more comprehensive and beneficent aim has ever been brought to the thought of man or demanded his service. With such a glorious work claiming the church—the command of Christ appealing to her conscience, the awful world destitution appealing to her heart, the possibilities of the world-field appealing to her enthusiasm—it is not strange that there is scarce a land into which she has not gone with this message of salvation. No seas have been too wide for her to sail, no mountains too steep for her to climb, no dangers too great for her to confront. That she should ever have known an hour's indifference is the remarkable fact. It is not strange that to-day some nine thousand Protestant missionaries and some forty thousand native helpers are proclaiming this gospel in foreign lands. The remarkable thing is that after eighteen hundred years there are districts with ten million inhabitants who have not even heard the good news. Nor is it strange that

God should have made so plainly manifest his presence in a work born of his own heart of love—a presence manifest in the opening of long-closed doors, in overcoming opposition, in providing ways and means, making the "winds his messengers and flames of fire his ministers," and in the miracles of transformation which have been wrought before our very eyes. Strange, indeed, it would have been had that presence been withheld or grudgingly granted. Nothing is strange—nothing need surprise—in view of the majestic and magnificent meaning of the missionary enterprise. When the church of God shall once thoroughly realize the meaning of her existence—the glorious aim which has been set before her, and the richness and comprehensiveness of that aim—the very stars in their courses will fight with her and for her in the fulfillment of her mission. Instead of the estimated four million souls that have been brought out of heathen darkness in this century, we shall hear in the coming time "the voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." The church has made this century glorious in recognizing the infinite worth of the soul; the divinity of man; his spiritual possibilities; his right, by virtue of what he is, to have the gospel, which alone can make him what he

ought to be, and in proclaiming that gospel for the first time in all the lands beneath the sky. It is the century of world-wide evangelization—this is its crowning glory.

2. In the prosecution of this work, there shines forth in the missionary enterprise the glory of human love kindled and evermore intensified by the divine love—the yearning love which refuses to be comforted until universal man has found his rest and life in God, and whose expression is self-sacrificing service. The glory of thought surpasses the glory of things as far as man is above machinery, as far as mind is above matter. And the glory of love transcends the glory of thought as far as service is higher than selfishness. Brainerd, laboring among the North American Indians, "jeopardizing his life unto the death on the high places" of the mission field, is greater than any philosopher whose deductions have not become incarnate in duty, even as the dying Sidney, on the fenny field of Zutphen, refusing the offered water that another might find refreshment, was more glorious in his self-sacrifice than in any achievement of his sword or pen. To write of one as was written of Henry Martyn—"to have prevented him from going to the heathen world would almost have broken his heart"—is to give him a higher place in the realm of true glory than can be conferred by any record of

martial or material achievements. Love hears the divine call, "Get thee out of thy land and from thy kindred, and come unto the land which I shall show thee"; while philosophy, listening to the strains of its own music, promenades the shady walks of the academy, or "lounges through lazy afternoons and eves." Francis of Assisi, described by Dante as a "splendor of cherubic light," gives more glory to the thirteenth century than proceeds from Dante's immortal work. Raymond Lully, of the same century, "ingenious schoolman and inventor of the mariner's compass," added greater luster to his age as the inspired missionary. "He who loves not lives not; he who lives by the life cannot die," are the words of this inventor, who found the meaning of life in love rather than the greatest intellectual successes. The true life, says one, as it is the true religion, "is that which thrusts its arm farthest through the slush and slime of sin and degradation to lift a soul to its own level." Love in the livery of service is the crowning glory of this age and of every age. Those are ringing words of Bishop Potter: "Take my word for it, men and brethren, unless you and I, and all those who may have any gift or stewardship of talents or means, of whatever sort, are willing to get up out of the sloth and ease and selfish dilettanteism of service, and get down among the people

who are battling amid their poverty and ignorance, then verily the church, in its stately splendor, its apostolic orders, its venerable ritual, its decorous and dignified conventions, is revealed as simply a monstrous and insolent impertinence." Missions mean loving service. "The great Reformation," says a writer, "brought us life in doctrine; the missionary reformation of this century is more and more to bring us life in service." It has developed, as perhaps no other enterprise, unselfish devotion, both in the church at home and certainly in her messengers on the foreign field. Who shall tell worthily the story of the missionary? If there were no record of marvelous achievements, no thrilling recital of missionary triumphs, no veritable history of whole communities transformed by the power of the gospel, the missionaries themselves would constitute the crowning glory of this century. They are the flower and crown of the church. They represent the chivalrous in Christianity. They have found joy in self-sacrifice, and when the burnt-offering has begun, the song of the Lord, with the trumpets, has also begun. "To believe, to suffer, to love," has been their motto. As we think of them, we can truly exclaim:

> What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
> Through which the splendors of the new day burst.

In the emphasis which missions have placed

upon loving service, the influence of "barren orthodoxy" and "dead dogmatic controversy" has been minimized. Missions would shame the church that has no better business than discussing a question of ritual when the cry of starving humanity is clamoring to be heard. They would rebuke the church that cares for a system rather than souls, seeking to preserve ecclesiasticism as a substitute for religion. They believe that no church has any claim to be whose only right is historical and theological. Missions have largely destroyed the influence of a theology that can be printed in a book, but cannot be written on human hearts and lives; admirably suited to propositions, but having no power over people. Of those who emphasize dogma while forgetting duty, it may be said:

> And yet, where they should have oped the door
> Of charity and light, for all men's finding,
> Squabbled for words upon the altar floor,
> And rent the book in struggle for the binding.

Missions proclaim in trumpet tones the gospel of service, the gospel of present help, the gospel of immediate and imperative rescue. "Among the archaic sculptures buried on the Acropolis after the sack of Athens by Xerxes, and recently unearthed, is a fragment of a pediment representing Hercules and the hydra. The hero is on all-fours alongside the monster

in a cave"—fit symbol of missionary enterprise. Missions mean love on its hands and knees, touching the world's wretchedness, grappling the world's evil and fighting the world's enemy on its own ground. There is no more thrilling spectacle than this hand-to-hand conflict with the powers of darkness, in striking contrast to a speculative theology whose sword flashes in mid-air, but strikes no foe. This is the glory of missions—love on a level with those whom it seeks to help, forgetting all else in its passionate desire to serve—saying, if need be, with a distinguished scholar, "Let Greek die, let Hebrew die, but let immortal souls live."

3. If time permitted, and the story were not already an old one, it would be interesting to consider the missionary enterprise as illustrating the glory of achievement. Not a few men measure the value and dignity of any ministry whatsoever by its tabulated results. They know nothing of silent forces and influences—of the work of love, for instance, in touching hearts without winning converts. They cannot appreciate a message without figures. They attach no importance to the signs of the times, to intimations, to tendencies. They are not impressed by the statement, for example, that Christianity has entered India as a living religion, and its leaven is working among her vast population, until in 1899 there are indications

of deep upheavals and great mass-movements toward its acceptance." They ignore the hidden currents of influence and power. We can accept the challenge of such without fear of shame or confusion. We can tell them—to give a recent summary of the result of a century's toil and endeavor—that "the Bible has been translated fully into ninety languages of the earth, and partially into 230, making in all 320 languages through which the gospel truth is revealed to guide the soul to Christ; that 280 missionary societies have been organized for work —societies which in home administration and foreign resources and facilities will compare favorably in organized efficiency with the foreign offices and state departments of civilized governments; that 9,000 missionaries are in the field, and 44,532 native assistants associated with them; that almost a round million of converts have been gathered into the church, and there are fully 4,000,000 adherents, under the influence, directly or indirectly, of missionary instruction; that 70,000,000 pupils have been gathered in higher educational institutions, and 608,000 children are gathered in village missionary schools."

And in this summary we have but the broad, sweeping outlines of a mighty picture. If we should enter into details, and have each land tell us its individual story, our interest would

be intensified to the pitch of exalted enthusiasm. We should hear that in the Sandwich Islands, on a Lord's day in July, 1838, 1,705 souls were baptized into Christ; and that on a Sunday in July, 1878, in the Telugu Mission in India, 2,222 became obedient to the faith. But why need I recite the thrilling record of facts and figures? Read missionary literature if you find it difficult to believe in the day of Pentecost. Read missionary literature if you are disposed to think that the day of great things has been superseded by the commonplace. Read missionary literature if it seems to you that the stately steppings of the Almighty no longer resound in the corridors of earth. If you seek substantial results, go to the mission fields and read in the things you see an enlarged edition of the Acts of the Apostles. I believe that no enterprise of this century can show grander returns for time, money and energy invested than the missionary enterprise. Missions a failure? Not unless the sun is a failure when the green grass and the flowers say, "It is your light and heat which have quickened us and given to us our beauty and glory." The success of missions is demonstrated by palpable facts, and the man who shuts his eyes to them would not be persuaded by resurrection wonders or signs in heaven above or the earth beneath. We have much to shame us—much to humble

us. We have not measured up to our responsibilities and opportunities. But we dare to proclaim—despite our faults and failures—that the organized missionary work of one hundred years surpasses in brilliancy of achievement any ministry of science, art, invention or discovery of which the century may boast. Christianity is more than a sentiment among the nations of the earth. It has come to be a felt force which may not be ignored, and whose tremendous energy is irresistible. The facts of missions are our standing army in all the countries of the world, guarding the territory already won by the King against unjust criticism, and giving notice that wherever the flag of this King has been lifted it shall never be lowered.

4. Furthermore, and finally, we behold in missions the glory of vision. First, the vision which corresponds to outlook. A distinguished author tells us: "That day, in answer to the Macedonian call, when Paul and Luke sailed straight across to Samothrace and landed at Neapolis, the port of Philippi, Christianity left its Asiatic cradle, and became henceforth the one universal missionary faith for the race." But the great vision was forgotten. Until this missionary century—barring a few exceptional instances—the life of the church, to use the figure of a brilliant writer, was as "a rivulet, cut off from the hills on which the feeding springs

rise and the clouds pour down their richness. The rivulet may be swift, but it can never have depth, volume or force. The great streams in which the stars shine, and on which the sails of commerce whiten and fade, are fed by half a continent." The life of the church to-day is such a stream, washing the shores of all lands, reflecting from its broad bosom the stars which shine upon all continents. We have stood on a mountain in Galilee, and have seen Europe, Asia, Africa and America. "When one has seen a great view from some lofty summit, he does not question the existence of the landscape because, after he has descended into the valley, he no longer sees it. However circumscribed the world may be which folds him in, he knows he has only to climb the mountain to see a greater world." True and beautiful, indeed, is the sentiment. The church may have her commonplace days, when she sees only her little local and provincial duties; but she need only climb with the Master that Galilean summit and the world vision is hers again. She can never more doubt that China and Japan do actually exist, and that she may not escape her duty to them. And, in this extended view, we have received a revelation of our own dignity. Somebody expresses the thought in saying, "We like to look upon the mountains because heights are in us, and on the ocean because far

shores and horizons still farther are in us." And when a world has been taken into our affections, the vastness and the mighty possibilities of the affections become apparent. We never knew how great we were until we found ourselves capable of loving man as man in all lands, and placed under all conditions. Nor is it foolhardy to think of world-needs, and to undertake a service coextensive with the sweep of our vision; for our gospel is sufficient unto the vision. Jesus Christ has crowded into it adequate energy for the world's redemption; even as the attar of roses has whole fields of crimson blossoms that have been swept together in one tiny vial, or as the Cremona violin is a mass of condensed melody, each atom soaked in a thousand songs, until the instrument reeks with sweetness. Our sufficiency is of God, who has given us means adequate to the end. We dare not narrow the vision, for that would be to dishonor the means approved of God as sufficient to realize the vision. "Amplius" must be written on our banner. And, too, there has come to the church during this century as never before the vision of the suffering Christ in the person of the suffering millions. "Wrapt in the pale winding-sheet of general terms, the greatest tragedies of history evoke no vivid images in our mind." How true is the declaration! But when we see with our own eyes, the reality

of the tragedy is with us for all time. The church has seen during this century the shame and sin and wretchedness of a world. That vision makes ease forevermore impossible. We can now understand Ruskin when he says, "I cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sun has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of, when I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly. Therefore I will no longer endure it quietly, but henceforth, with any, few or many, who will help, do my poor best to abate this misery." The compulsion of love must more and more be the experience of every true follower of Jesus Christ. The vision of world destitution has been burnt into our very souls, and indifferentism henceforth becomes infamy. When the vision of the suffering Christ came to Tissot, he could no longer paint the gay scenes of fashionable Paris. He says, "The vision pursued me even after I had left the church. It stood between me and my canvas. I tried to brush it away, but it returned insistently." We have seen the wounded side of Christ in beholding the misery of the heathen world. We dare not turn away and forget. And, too, there has come to the church the vision splendid—the vision of the coming glory. "From the rising of the sun unto the

going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name and a pure offering." The missionary enterprise has developed this splendid optimism. Difficulties do not discourage, for faith can wait on the Lord and be of good courage. If we are told that "even a million of converts a year would mean nearly three hundred years before India was won for Christ," we reply, with Martyn, "Yes, it shall be. Yonder stream of Ganges shall one day roll through tracts adorned with Christian churches and cultivated by Christian husbandmen, and holy hymns be heard beneath the shade of the tamarind." The dream of him who sleeps in his lonely grave at Tocat is shared to-day by every missionary church. Our faith is in God, who has promised, in the adaptability of his message to the needs of the world, and in man's sure recognition of that message as containing his highest good. We do not shut our eyes to the vastness of the problem; we do not forget that we have only nine thousand missionaries to meet a thousand millions who are in the darkness of ignorance; we are not unmindful of the tremendous task involved in mastering a foreign language and creating a literature; nor do we lose sight of the bigotry and prejudice that must be overcome; yet with God and his Christ we dare to believe that we shall

conquer the world. The man of faith, as Dr. Storrs tells us, "expects long toil and many disasters, incarnadined seas, dreary wildernesses, battles with giants, and spasms of fear in the heart of the church. But he looks, as surely as he looks for the sunrise after nights of tempest and of lingering dawn, for the ultimate illumination of the world." The signs of promise are everywhere. Multiplying facilities are waiting our touch to become obedient messengers of the King. "All the facilities of modern methods of travel, of postal arrangements, of international comity, of financial exchange and of telegraphic communication are in the interest of foreign work." Recent events are the beckoning of God's finger. The blood-stained trenches around Manila mean more than the noble sacrifice of brave men. They speak of opportunity and responsibility, "opportunities such as any military commander would be cashiered for neglecting if he dared to ignore them in the midst of a military campaign." They mean the hastening of God's day. The coming century will be the most glorious in all the annals of time. Emerson says: "When I read the poets, I think that nothing new can be said about morning and evening, but when I see the day break, I am not reminded of the Homeric and Chaucerian pictures." And so, when we read the prophets, we say, "No bird can race in the great blue

sky against the flight of hope and love." There can be nothing grander than this glorious dream. But when the morning breaks—when vision and fact are wedded—the anticipation shall seem tame beside the reality. Like Merlin, we will follow the gleam, and the dazzling splendor shall be our reward.

> Blow, trumpet, for the world is white with May;
> Blow, trumpet, the long night hath rolled away;
> Blow through the living world, "Let the King reign."

VIII.

THE CRADLE AND CHRISTMAS.

"And he took a child and set him in the midst of them." Mark 9:36.

THIS is the happy Christmas time, and the child is king. The Babe of Bethlehem has converted the cradle into a throne. No monarch of earth holds such undisputed sway over his subjects as the little sovereign of the home. The curly head wears the crown, and the tiny hands bear the scepter. All hail to the king!

I sometimes wonder if the after years have brought to us any joy so vivid, so fresh with the dew of heaven, as that which comes to the child on Christmas day. Deeper and richer joys, born of deeper and richer experience, we have known; but none so keen, so spontaneous, so completely satisfying for the moment. It is a long time, my friends, from manhood's prime, with its cares and responsibilities, to those opening days of life when Santa Claus was a reality, and we dwelt in the fair world of imagination and illusion. Well it is for us that the Christmas time should revive these memories. Otherwise we might become cold and hard and loveless. Otherwise, so absorbed are we in grappling with the stern, hard conditions of

life, we might forget that heaven is real or that this old world was once touched with a glory that never shone on land or sea. It is good to feel that glow which comes from the days that are no more, and to bring ourselves under the inspiration of that prayer which can never be answered in literal fashion:

> Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight!
> Make me a child again, just for to-night!

Jesus loved the little children. Concerning them He spoke the immortal words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The figure of the Master with a little child in His arms is worthy to be immortalized in highest art. The man who does not love the child is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. It was a child who led Silas Marner out of sullenness into sunny peace. It was a child who completed the work of redemption in the storm-swept soul of Jean Val Jean, and in that vision of peace when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, under the beneficent reign of love, the prophet adds, "A little child shall lead them."

The religion of Jesus is unique in the emphasis it places upon childhood. It has been said that other religions ignore or forget the child. Mohammed seems to know nothing about children. In heathen mythology the gods are not

born as children; they come upon the stage full grown. Jesus, on the other hand, sets a child in the midst of his disciples, and, with the child as His text, declares that the child-spirit is an indispensable condition of entrance into His kingdom. Not cleverness, not earthly possessions, not worldly greatness, are necessary, but the simplicity and naturalness and upward look of tenderness which are characteristic of the child life and the child spirit.

I want you to think to-night of the reasonbleness of this emphasis which is placed by Jesus upon childhood. You will observe that Christianity must always remain young because Christianity has the child at its very heart. It can adapt itself to new conditions, to new circumstances, but it is always young. The Ancient of Days who leads the mighty host of Christian men and women is always and everywhere the Babe of Bethlehem. Christianity honors the child as a revelation of the divine nature. One day when Jesus was instructing His disciples He said unto them, "He that receiveth one such child in my name receiveth Me, and he that receiveth Me receiveth Him that sent Me." To receive the child is to receive Christ, and to receive Christ is to receive God. The child is the miniature of the divine; as a drop of dew can mirror the sun, so the child life reflects divine life. The babe

in its mother's arms has no conscious sin, and, therefore, no feeling of shame. It could look the tallest angel in the face and reach out its little arms to receive the angelic embrace. As pure as the driven snow, as white as any angel that sings round the throne of God—this is the child nature. I do not deny that there are evil tendencies inherited by the child, but they are tendencies which have not become evil.

Monstrous, indeed, is the doctrine of infant depravity in the light of that sublime utterance of Jesus Christ, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Who can look into the clear, innocent eyes of a babe and not feel the truth of that line of Wordsworth, "Heaven lies around us in our infancy"? Who can doubt but that babyhood brings down to earth some of the blue sky, and comes to us trailing clouds of glory? Concerning an infant, Mrs. Browning has sung, "We could not wish her whiter, her who perfumed with pure blossom the house, a lovely thing to wear upon a mother's bosom."

Let us keep in mind the fact that the child-nature is a revelation of the divine nature. Standing in the presence of the child, we feel the glow of another world, and the touch of baby fingers calls forth all that is tenderest and purest and noblest in human nature. Music thrills us or soothes us. A great thought challenges us and dominates us, but the child

comes into our lives as music, as thought, as sunshine, as the very breath of flowers. The child is the miracle of Eden repeated, a new creation fresh from the hand of God, and no angel in heaven is cleaner or whiter or purer.

With this thought in mind we are prepared to understand somewhat that great utterance of the great Teacher: "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

But how can we become like little children? We cannot recover lost innocence. Gone forever is the tender grace of a day that is dead. The gates of Eden are closed and the flaming Angel of Experience stands guard. We cannot recover lost purity. Sin has left its indelible imprint upon our nature, and into our experience has come that which is foul and that which is unclean, and sometimes as we think of that bright yesterday, with its whiteness, with its purity, there comes to us a great longing, if only it could become real, "wash me and cleanse me and make me whiter than snow." Certainly we cannot become like little children in their credulity, for we must use the minds which God has given us in dealing with the problems which confront us. Nor can we become like children in their helplessness and their dependence, for the trumpet has sounded and the battle is on, and strong arms and

steady nerves and manly courage are indispensable in winning the victory. How shall we become like little children? Is there any other way than the putting forth of honest and earnest endeavor to recover, in some fashion, this divine image which is inherent in the child-nature and which we still possess, although dishonored and effaced and blurred?

A very pathetic story is told by the biographer of Emerson to the effect that on one occasion he was observed by his daughter gazing in reverie out upon his garden, and his daughter said to him: "Father, what are you looking for?" and he made answer in simple and yet pathetic fashion: "I am looking for myself." The old self that could flash and flame, the splendid self, with its keen intuitions, with its marvelous wisdom, was gone, and the feeble old man was looking for that lost self. What is religion but the earnest endeavor on the part of a man who has lost the divine image or has allowed that image to become effaced, and is seeking to recover it?

We are looking for that self which in the child is clean and pure and white, and which must be recovered in the man with the added elements of character and experience.

Furthermore, Christianity honors childhood because of its possibilities. The child is life in the bud; life unfolding; life with all of its

vast possibilities. Interested friends gazed upon the tiny form of the infant, John the Baptist, and wonderingly inquired, what manner of child shall this be? And so all parents as they receive this great gift from the loving God dream of the future of this wonderful creature in their arms. "By what astrology of fear and hope dare I to cast thy horoscope?" So thought a young mother of the Southland as she rocked the cradle in which slept her first born. With the flowers about her and the birds singing in her ears and in her heart, she dreamed of a splendid future for this child of divine love. The years come and go; the child grows to young manhood; is sent to college and to a university, and there forms the accursed appetite for strong drink. One day, frenzied and mad, under the spell of the awful demon, he slays a man; he is tried; he is sentenced; he is executed. It is too much for the brain of this mother. She became insane, and she sat all day long by the empty cradle, rocking it and crooning a lullaby in ears that heard not. Empty was the cradle and dark was her soul.

Oh, the future of the child! Shall he be a Nero, the nightmare of history, or a Paul, the humble disciple of the Christ? What manner of child shall this be?

This is an age of the child. It is the age of the kindergarten; it is the age of juvenile

courts; it is the age of newsboys' homes and houses of reform; it is the age of legal protection for childhood; it is an age when child-life is being more scientifically studied than ever before in all the history of the world. Christianity is responsible for this change. The child is the citizen and Christian of to-morrow. As the child is, so the coming age will be. Shall it help to bring in the glories seen by prophet and seer, or shall the old world move onward unto night? Awful is the responsibility which rests upon those who are entrusted with child-life. May God give them the grace to discharge that responsibility in His fear and in the light of the possibilities of childhood.

Mrs. Browning sang long ago a song that stirred the heart of America—the cry of the children:

"Do you not hear the children weeping,
Oh, my brothers, ere the sorrow comes with years?
They lean their young heads against their mothers,
But this cannot stop their tears."

When we think of the child laboring, whether in the factory or in the cotton fields of the South, we feel like echoing that other line in her poem:

"The sob of the child in the silence
Curses deeper than the strong man in his wrath."

Woe be unto the man who builds up his fortune on the blood and happiness of child-

hood, whose gold is piled up at the expense of buried innocence. In our Declaration of Independence we are fond of descanting upon the inalienable rights of man. The child has inalienable rights, the right to parental love, the right to legal protection, the right to sing as the bird, the right to be happy, the right to lay hold of opportunities provided for him for his free and spontaneous and full development. To rob the child of those rights is to dishonor the character of our liberties as well as to call down upon us the curse of Jesus Christ. It were better for such a man that a mill stone were hanged about his neck and that he were buried in the depths of the sea.

Christianity has to a large extent emancipated childhood. The old Roman and Greek poets do not even so much as mention mother. Such an affectionate character as Horace makes no reference to childhood. Evidently childhood under the Greek and Roman civilizations was dishonored or ignored or largely subordinated; but to-day the child looms up large and splendid against the horizon, for the child is the future nation.

In concluding this sermon I want to speak of the child as a revelation of the divine Fatherhood. "Unto us a son is born, unto us a child is given." This is the refrain through the ages of that splendid anthem that the

angels sang long ago on the plains of Judea. Through the child we come to know the father. The human relationship of the child and the father enables us to understand the character of the relationship which exists between God and His children. Our God is no Jove whose brow is clothed with thunder, no Moloch who needs to be placated with human sacrifice. Our God is a loving, tender, compassionate, heavenly Father, and Jesus has given to us the very sweetest words in all literature when he taught his disciples to pray, "Our Father who art in heaven." That was a new revelation. That was a revolutionary doctrine. Never before had the great word been spoken with the emphasis and accent given by Jesus Christ. Whereas in the Old Testament the word Father occurs perhaps twice, in the New Testament it occurs no less than 200 times. Jesus has associated in His teaching with the fatherhood all that is beautiful in nature and in life, and elevated it to such an eminence as to-day makes it impossible for us to accept any hard theology that would exalt His sovereignty at the expense of His love. God is our Father. This is the image of the child Jesus. When the years press heavily upon us and the form becomes bowed and intimations and suggestions of various sorts remind us that the day is drawing to a close and that the shadows of the last

night are gathering, wonderful is the provision of divine grace in the particular that we become children again. Paul, the rugged, virile apostle, when in a tender mood trying to make his people understand the goodness and graciousness of God, uses the language of the nursery, and we hear him exclaim, "Abba, Father!" or "Papa, papa!" We are children again.

The story is told of an old Scotchman that, when he was dying—a man who had never worn his heart upon his sleeve—he said in his wanderings, recurring again to his Scotch dialect, "I am gaen doon; hae a grup o' my hand." So in that last hour, when the grand rush of darkness shall come in upon our souls, we shall reach up our hands, not to some abstract principle called sweetness and light, but we shall reach up our hands through the darkness to the hands of a Father, and we shall say, "Father, we are going down; have a grip of our hands."

May this Christmas time bring gladness to all the children in this city we love, and if you can make bright one life, the life of a child, regard the opportunity as a very angel of God to be seized and welcomed with eagerness and enthusiasm. Let us make the bridge between babyhood and manhood just as long as possible, for soon enough we shall exchange the flowers

and the crown for the sword and the spear.

I wish you, my friends, a merry, merry Christmas and a happy, happy New Year; and the secret of it shall be for you and for me that we love and honor the children.

IX

THE THREE DIMENSIONS OF MANHOOD

And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with a reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal.—Rev. 21:16.

I invite attention to a phrase or sentence found in the sixteenth verse of the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Revelation: "The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal."

In his vision of the mystic city the inspired seer observes its symmetry—its length and breadth and height were equal. If this city of dream be a symbol of our glorified humanity, as has been supposed, then the perfect man shall be completely and equally developed in every part of his being. No one part shall be sacrificed to another part, but each part shall be brought to its full fruition and realization. It is worth while for us to dream of this perfect humanity when God shall have given the last touch of grace and beauty to human character. But we are concerned at this time with the development of a humanity in the midst of earthly conditions and limitations. We are to think of a humanity that shall be strong and

radiant and powerful despite the weaknesses which are incident to the possession of flesh.

What is the measure of a man? The measure of a building is the standard that applies in discovering its dimensions, in ascertaining its conformity to the design of the architect, in revealing its adequateness or its defects as respects both material and construction. Likewise the measure of a man is those qualities which are inherent in character, which are clearly proclaimed in the very constitution of his being and which find illustration and emphasis in the lives of those who are representative of a normal humanity.

To measure a house is, therefore, to judge it, to test it; likewise to measure a man is to test him and to judge him, or, rather, to have his own nature to pronounce sentence upon him. I am thinking to-night, friends, of the indispensable elements of manhood—of those qualities without which one is not a man save as he may be distinguished in our thought by gender. I am not thinking of the adornments and arabesques of the human soul. I am not thinking of the luxuries and refinements which may belong to our spiritual equipment. I am thinking of those qualities which are as necessary to manhood as sap is to the life of a tree, as blood is to the life of a body. I want to consider the length and breadth and height of manhood.

To speak of the first dimension of character, I may be permitted to remark that the term which expresses the length of a man is morality, in that it has to do with every part of his nature, both his inner and outer life. By morality I mean those virile and vigorous qualities known as truthfulness, purity, righteousness, honesty—honesty or fair dealing as between man and man; righteousness or rightness in the quality of our acts; purity as opposed to licentiousness; truthfulness as opposed to lying. These are elementary and fundamental things. They certainly describe the circumference of wholesome living. Without these qualities one is a thief, a liar, a libertine, a moral pervert; he is a man only in the sense that he is not a woman; he is differentiated only by his sex. Wanting these qualities, all that makes manhood is sacrificed. One may have the genius of a Shakespeare, the learning of a Bacon, the graces of a Chesterfield, the eloquence of Burke, the statesmanship of Machiavelli; but if he be not honest and pure and truthful and righteous, his graces and accomplishments are only a sort of brilliant badness, the phosphorescence of which proceeds from decay and death. Nothing can take the place of morality. Without it, government is tyranny; without it, religion is hypocrisy; and, indeed, it is the

only guarantee of soundness in our work. Our work is the expression of our nature; and if the nature be corrupt, the work will partake of that character. I do not believe that a liar can paint a truthful picture save as he is a copyist; I do not believe that a libertine can write a pure line save as he is a plagiarist. In so far as one's work is the spontaneous and natural expression of his soul, that work must partake of the nature of his soul. The stream cannot rise higher than its source.

Beware of the man who laughs at moral distinctions as only conventional lines which, like State lines can be crossed without any consciousness of a transition. If he is a politician, he is a menace to the State; if he is a business man, his motto will be: "Do the other fellow before he does you." And if he is a husband, his name will figure in the divorce courts and be associated with scandals. It is absolutely impossible for any man to maintain either his self-respect or the respect of his fellows save as his character is rooted in these fundamental and rugged virtues.

We hear very much said of moral courage. What is moral courage but that fine spirit which dares to maintain the moral integrity of the soul? It refuses to go with the crowd to do evil; it refuses to tell a lie in order to gain a throne; it refuses to believe any art or literature

beautiful which brings the blush of shame to the brow of innocence; it says in the realm of business, with that noble prince, when tempted to meanness, "The house of Savoy knows the path of defeat, but not of dishonor"; it dares to condemn domestic infamy, business dishonor, industrial robbery, political corruption as enemies of the soul. We enshrine in literature the names of Hector of Troy, and Arthur of Brittany, and Launcelot of the Lake; but the man who ought to be enshrined in our admiration is he who stands guard at the citadel of the human soul against all enemies who may come.

I believe that in standing for the right of the soul to truth and purity and honesty, we are maintaining inalienable rights, and to the extent that we dare against all foes in behalf of these inalienable rights, we are fighting over again the War of the Revolution. The fundamental principles of the Declaration of Independence are not artificial rights or legal rights, but rights that have come straight from the Lord God Almighty and with which government has nothing to do save to protect them and to guard them and to maintain them. I plead to-night for that dimension of character which has to do with every part of our life, namely, morality.

But let us pass on to consider the breadth of

a man, or that dimension which represents the outreach of his nature laterally. The term which describes this dimension is sympathy. One may be moral and yet mean; one may be pure, and cruel; one may be righteous, and thoroughly uncharitable; one may be truthful and yet narrow and selfish and hard; one may have all the elements that enter into the constitution of what we mean by the term morality, and yet be the most despicable of creatures. Call to mind Saul of Tarsus. He was honest, he was conscientious, he was truthful, he was a man who could say, prior to his conversion as well as after his conversion, "I have wronged no man, I have defrauded no man, I have corrupted no man," and yet the record informs us that with this moral character he was breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the Disciples, and was a destroying influence, until that vision on the road to Damascus smote him, giving width to his nature, sympathy to his life, and love for all the world.

You know the type of man of whom I am speaking. He is represented by the prodigal's brother. The prodigal's brother prided himself on his morality; he had worked at home; he had not dishonored his nature with excesses; he had been truthful; he was a thoroughly model young man; but the meanness of the man is seen in his refusal to give the hand of welcome

and fellowship to a returning and penitent brother. There are men who are so absolutely correct that they have no compunction of conscience whatever in exacting the last pound of flesh from a debtor; they would not hesitate to dock the salary of a sick clerk; isn't it honest to do it? They wouldn't hesitate to turn a poor family on the street because the rent at the end of the month is unpaid. Is there anything dishonest in the transaction? That which gives softness to life, that which gives evidence of culture, that which gives mellowness to the soul, is width. We are to go beyond the letter of the law and be merciful; we are to show ourselves magnanimous if there shall be placed upon our brow the crown of royal manhood.

I mean by sympathy the antithesis of selfishness. It is that openness and receptiveness of soul which takes in the needs and rights and sufferings and sorrows and joys of our fellowmen. Wanting it, you have the tyrant in government; the legalist in religion; the cynic in philosophy; the hard, stern man in the home and in business. Wanting it you have a John Calvin in the church consenting to the death of Servetus; you have a Javert in fiction pursuing like a sleuth hound Jean Valjean; you have in the home a man whose presence freezes the atmosphere—one who substitutes himself as an object of worship rather than the Lord God

Almighty. I care not how honest a man may be, I care not how righteous a man may be, I care not how pure a man may be, I care not how truthful a man may be, if he be wanting in this sympathy he is a hard, miserable, impoverished creature, not worthy the name of a man.

Yonder, on a wind-swept plain, is a tree, in its wintry garb. No birds twitter in its branches; no weary travelers rest beneath its shade; no cattle browse under its sheltering boughs. It is a symbol of strength without beauty, of life without sympathy. It is hard and cold and repellant and forbidding. But wait until the spring comes and the sap begins to course through the trunk and outward through the branches, and then there shall come forth blossom and fruitage; then that same tree shall become a haven of refuge for the weary, and the birds shall sing in its branches and the cattle shall rest beneath its shade.

There are your two men. To the one man nobody ever goes in time of trouble; one from whom nobody expects kind words; one of whom the children are afraid; one who does not enjoy the beauty of the world; one who simply believes in toeing the mark and in having everybody else to toe the mark; one who carries about his moral qualities in proud fashion, like the Pharisee, saying: "I thank thee, O God, I

am not as this publican." He is a most objectionable personage and he has not the fine grain which makes the man. To length there must be added breadth; to morality there must be added sympathy.

Now, I want to speak of the height of a man. What is the height of a man? It is the best that is in him. It is the highest called forth by provocation. You can never tell the height of a man until he has been brought face to face with some great opportunity, with some temptation, with some trying experience. It is the critical moment that reveals the height of a man. Nobody ever dreamed of the moral stature of Robert E. Lee, save as that altitude displayed itself when he preferred to share with his own people reproach and if need be defeat, rather than to enjoy the honors of a brilliant career under different circumstances. The height of Abraham Lincoln was revealed in those trying hours of the civil conflict when he guided the ship of state with a steady hand and head and with a loving heart. You can not measure even the intellectual height of a man save when the great occasion shows itself. In that memorable hour when Webster stood in the United States Senate and gave utterance to one of the most memorable speeches ever delivered in that body, in that critical moment, the man springs up to his full

stature and you realize that the intellectual height of the man has found expression.

I have been reading recently two or three incidents which appealed to me very powerfully as illustrating the height of human nature. I believe, friends, in human nature. I believe in its possibilities. I am not one of those who would take up the strain of the pessimist and say that "every heart when sifted well is a clot of warmer dust mixed with cunning sparks of hell."

Since Jesus Christ has worn this humanity and revealed its possibilities, I am prepared to believe all of the great and splendid things concerning men of which one may read. Here is an illustration in the recent Iroquois fire. There was in the building on that fateful day a man of wealth, a man of culture, a man who rather prided himself on his moral qualities, a man who honored his good name as the most valuable of all his possessions. When the fire broke out, occupying a place of vantage, he rushed from the building, over the bodies of women and children, making his escape in safety. Some friends met him on the following day and congratulated him on his escape. He looked upon them sorrowfully and said: "I had no financial interest in that theatre, but I have lost everything which a man holds dear, self-respect

and honor. I had no moral right to come out of that building alive. My wife and family were provided for, all of my business interests were in condition for me to quit this mortal scene, and yet the little capital of manhood which I had accumulated through the years was swept away by that Iroquois fire. I can not receive your congratulations."

I am not discussing now the casuistry of the question. I am not here to say whether or not the man did right or wrong in thinking only of his personal safety and in making his escape from that burning building. I say the critical hour came, that the moment of opportunity was before him, and that his height was not equal to his length or his width.

In that very same city, a nephew of the famous preacher, Dr. Gunsaulus, was in the theater which was to be opened the following Sunday in a religious service by his distinguished uncle. He desired to see the building, and while in the building the fire broke forth. This young man made his way to a window overlooking an alley, in which alley there were painters at work. He called for a ladder, he placed one end of this ladder in a window and the other end in the window of the opposite building, then called for a plank to bridge the alley, and stood there with the flames leaping about him,

placing women and children on the path to safety, brushing aside all obstacles, himself the victim of the flames, and yet seemingly unmindful of his peril. That young man after the fire was taken to a hospital, and he made this remark: "Some men have their chance at sixty, some have their chance at forty, some have their chance at thirty; I have had my chance at twenty, and I am happy," and he fell asleep with the kiss of God upon his brow.

Are we living in a commonplace age, a prosaic age? I say to you, friends, you cannot measure the height of a man until the great opportunity comes, until the great trial hour arrives, until the critical moment presents itself, and you shall discover that in many a commonplace fellow who walks by your side you have not only length, not only breadth, but you have a moral stature so splendid and so glorious as to be worthy of the name of hero.

I have not spoken of the influence of Christian faith on character; I have been speaking only of these fundamental elements of human life which shall make it self-respecting and capable of honor and respect. I need not tell you that the sort of manhood I have been describing is impossible apart from Christian faith. If a man does not believe in God, he does not believe in morality. There is no reason for him to believe in morality. If a

man would develop that sympathy of which I have been speaking he must learn the secret of it and the power of it in the character of Jesus Christ. If a man would attain unto the splendid possibilities of his nature he must recognize these possibilities as realized in the life of the Son of God. I have not been speaking of any other sort of humanity than that which we have a right to expect from the humblest individual who walks the streets of our city. The measure of a man is what normal man ought to be, what we have a right to expect him to be. The Christian man is the higher man; he is the normal man carried into higher regions, into higher realms, into more splendid conditions, into a larger environment. We have electric sentences to thrill the world. "England expects every man to do his duty" was the sentence that caused the blood of the English soldier to tingle in his veins. There are sentences that leap out with all the radiance of lightning and with all the power and energy of a trumpet blast.

I call to mind one such sentence with which I close this sermon. It comes from one who illustrated in his own character all of these qualities of which I have been speaking; one whose reach of nature, outward and upward, was as splendid as has ever been exhibited in a single human life excepting

that of the Son of God. This man, when when he would gather up all of his exhortations into one great, splendid, burning sentence, when he would put the trumpet to his lips and sound a blast that should stir the hearts of those to whom he was speaking, this man gave forth only the one sentence, "Quit you like men." I leave that message with you, "Quit you like men." Do not be satisfied to be merely moral men, be sympathetic men; do not be satisfied to be merely sympathetic men, but be high men, tall men, sun-crowned, who rise above the fog in public duty and in private thought. And may God create within the hearts of the young to whom I speak the ambition to be the highest order of men.

I sometimes think, friends, it would be well for us in some form or other to revive the days of chivalry. There is something splendid in the occupation of Arthur and his Round Table, symbolical in meaning, and yet capable of being translated, to some extent at least, in human life and in human conduct. What a splendid man is that King Arthur, who reverences his conscience as he reverences his God! Looking out over his company of knights and sending them forth as sworn servants of the king, men who would give up their lives gladly and willingly in order to aid the distressed or in order to maintain the high cause of honor

—oh, for men of this radiant type in the age in which we are living! We have some of them, as the instances to which I have referred plainly show. We want more of them; we want that we shall believe life is not worth living unless we are exemplifying these high qualities of manhood. If it be true that we live in deeds rather than words; if it be true that we count time by heart-throbs rather than by the tick of a clock; if it be true that he lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best, then no life is worth living that does not exemplify and illustrate these qualities of manhood. I give you this message, Quit you like men. Go forth in this world as knights of honor, knights of truth, knights of purity, knights of sympathy, men whose presence shall gladden the world. And when you pass on to where beyond these voices there is rest and peace you shall be missed, not as a piece of furniture is missed, not as a picture on the wall is missed, but you shall be missed as the summer-time is missed, you shall be missed as the atmosphere is missed, you shall be missed as the breath of the flowers and as the inspiration which comes from music. May God help us and bless us in making the most of our lives!

X

"OUR LIBERTY IN CHRIST."*

With freedom did Christ set us free: stand fast, therefore, and be not entangled again in a yoke of bondage.—GALATIANS 5:1.

IT has been said that the epistle to the Galatians is the most vehement and impetuous of all the writings of the great apostle. It is a magnificent vindication of our liberty in Christ. Its motto might be, "He is a freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides."

Its utterances rouse us like the blast of a trumpet. One can almost imagine himself back in '76 when our forefathers spelled this great word "liberty" in fire and blood. It is a splendid protest against legal slavery and a ringing, joyous affirmation of gospel freedom. One catches the intense passion which throbs in every line of this great utterance. To those who would pervert this gospel of freedom, the writer thunders: "Let such be anathema." Our text reveals the deepest and intensest feeling. It is like the quick, sharp command of the general in a moment of peril, "Stand fast, therefore, and be not entangled again in a yoke

*Delivered at the inauguration of Burris A. Jenkins as President of Kentucky University.

of bondage." The whole epistle vibrates with the excitement of the man who will give his last drop of blood rather than surrender his precious heritage of liberty. About other matters the apostle may be calm, but when the rights of the soul in Christ are threatened, the strong man rouses himself for battle.

In what does this liberty consist? Rather, what is its character—its distinguishing feature? In a word, it is liberty within limitations, and those limitations are all within the mighty sweep and circumference of Christ. It involves, in the first place, the removal of restraints. The apostle is thinking of the galling yoke of Judaism with its outward ordinances and external requirements—the bondage of materialism. He claims that these restrictions have been removed through Christ. He claims that the Mosaic law, as respects its rites and ceremonies, had served its mission in leading these Galatians to Christ. And now, in the name of Christ, he claims exemption for himself and his brethren from these restraints upon Christian development. We may infer from this contention of the apostle that liberty in Christ contemplates the removal of all restraints that hinder the largest and richest unfolding of our spiritual life. Whatever interferes with the integrity of the soul, whatever hinders the exercise of our faculties and powers in harmony

with their nature and constitution, whatever dwarfs rather than expands the mental and spiritual life, whatever bars our advancement as we press on to perfection—from all such restraints, we are set free with the freedom of Christ. The same argument that the apostle here makes against the unjust restrictions of Judaism can be made by the Christian man against any government that does not recognize the inherent rights of the soul; against ecclesiastical imperialism; against propositional creeds that are made tests of fellowship and orthodoxy; against all dwarfing, narrowing and repressive agencies and influences inconsistent with the largeness of that liberty which is ours in Christ Jesus.

But let us not suppose that this liberty in Christ is a dashing, hot-headed, reckless license. While it involves the breaking of bonds which fetter, it contemplates no less certainly the imposition of bonds which train and discipline. Liberty has been defined as "the fullest opportunity for man to be and do the very best that is possible for him." But this means restraint, for, says the writer who gives us the definition, "everything which is necessary for the full realization of a man's life, even though it seems to have the character of restraint for a moment, is really a part of the process of his enfranchisement—the bringing

forth of him to a fuller life." And so the liberty for which the apostle is making his splendid fight is liberty within the limitations imposed by the life and teachings and spirit and authority of Jesus Christ. It is liberty in Christ.

Here is our safeguard against intellectual as well as moral license. No hand can stay the intellect in its excursions save the pierced hand of the Son of God—and if we accept the liberty which he has granted the mind of man, the whole realm of truth and duty is our territory. Under his touch those who have dwelt in the shadow of servile fear have seen a great light. Liberty of thought, under his guidance, is not narrowing the realm of thought, not the constant iteration of a negative, "I don't believe this," or "I don't believe that," but it is the mind claiming for itself ever new and vaster ranges for its exercise. It is that openness of mind which would not have any truth which it can appropriate to its advantage shut out from its hospitality. The point upon which emphasis is placed, however, is this: Our liberty of thought is in Christ. And so of freedom of speech, freedom of the press—all must be brought under the mind of Christ, else we shall have no true liberty. True liberty is to be found as expressed and manifested in the highest, holiest, divinest manhood. We can

have no liberty save through law, and that law in its final analysis must be the law of life which is in Christ Jesus. Evermore let us remember that the restraints which he imposes are the means of enfranchisement. "Every restraint is but the setting free of a new power. Every commandment obeyed is entrance into larger life, every discipline endured is increase of power." Kentucky University stands for freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of conscience, freedom of the press, freedom of the whole life—all within the limitations imposed by the mind of the Master. I would have inscribed over the door of this university:

> "No other Lord but Thee we'll own,
> No other name but thine confess."

And so shall be fulfilled the dream of "those educated men and women" of the elder time who came into this western wilderness, those "real founders and builders of the great commonwealth of Kentucky"—the dream which a certain distinguished novelist seems to think has not come true—"that of the establishment of a broad, free institution of learning—measure of the height and breadth of the better times: Knowing no north, no south, no latitude, creed, bias or political end." Any institution which seeks a liberty beyond the largeness of the liberty which is in Christ must be atheistic and anarchistic. It is like a bird

seeking other liberty than that which the air affords, like the fish seeking other liberty than that of the boundless and immeasurable sea. And now, let us consider more particularly some of the characteristics of this liberty in Christ.

First:—You will observe, that it is liberty through authority. In closing this epistle, like a man who has fought his way through the ranks of the enemy and who himself at last breathes the air of liberty, the apostle hurls back the challenge: "From henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear branded on my body the marks of Jesus." His claim of independence is based on the fact that he was owned by Jesus Christ—the marks on his body evidencing whose he was and whom he served. His loyalty to Christ was the ground of his liberty. We cannot serve two or a hundred masters. When we have found one master, whether that master be sin or righteousness, we are freed from all other masters. On this principle we are freed from the law. A thousand claimants stand about us asking for our allegiance. Sin would like to own us. Ecclesiastical authority would like to dominate us. Tradition puts in its bid. The creeds ask for our intellectual submission. The dogmatist says: "I have spoken, let all the earth be silent before me. Bow to my will and receive my inerrant con-

clusions." The higher critic says: "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of your intellectual salvation; yield to the advanced thought of the advanced time." Secular philosophy reminds us that we are still "in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity," unless we forswear all faith in the supernatural and bow to impersonal law as the presiding genius of the universe. And besides all these claimants are the new "isms" and "sciences"—each offering its specific and nostrum for the woes of the world and each asking that we fall down and worship before its shrine. How shall we attain unto liberty? And the answer comes: By giving your allegiance to One, you are free from all others. There is no liberty for us save as we swear unfaltering, undying and everlasting allegiance unto Him whose right alone it is to rule us. Find your true Master and you have found your freedom. Because Jesus Christ alone is our Master, we refuse to dishonor his sovereignty by submitting to the bondage of other tests of fellowship and orthodoxy than our devotion to him. How strongly does the apostle in this epistle resent the acceptance of circumcision as a test of Christian character! And in so doing he throws out of court all tests of fellowship other than loyalty to Christ. He says, "but not even Titus who was with me,

being a Greek, was compelled to be circumcised: and that because of the false brethren privily brought in, who came in privily to spy out our liberty which we have in Christ Jesus, that they might bring us into bondage: to whom we gave place in the way of subjection, no, not for an hour; that the truth of the gospel might continue with you." The acceptance of the authority of Christ frees us from any other authority.

Because we have found our true Master in Christ, the only one whose frown we need to fear and whose smile is heaven, we are freed from the fear of men. Hear the apostle: "Am I seeking to please men? If I were still pleasing men, I should not be a servant of Christ." In our loving, loyal acceptance of Jesus Christ as Master—Lord of our conscience and our life—is to be found true liberty, freedom from all other claimants, whether disguised as friends or openly declared foes; freedom from all false tests of fellowship and orthodoxy, and freedom from that fear of man which develops hypocrisy and unfits us to serve that sovereign whose name is Truth.

Another characteristic of this liberty is service—yea it is liberty through service. As the ice is freed from its winter bondage, when it feels the warm kiss of the sun and goes forth in refreshing streams to bless the world; as the bit

of iron is in the bondage of uselessness until it is fitted into the machinery and by serving fulfills its mission and attains unto its freedom, so our liberty is to be found in service, for not until then have we discovered the meaning of existence. The ship is not free until she gives herself to the sea for which she was built and upon whose waters she can realize the meaning of her plan and construction. The mighty forces of nature have been freed by being harnessed for the world's uses. Emerson says: "Justice has already been done to steam, to iron, to wood, to coal, to loadstone, to iodine, to corn and cotton, but how few materials are yet used by our arts! The mass of creatures and of qualities is still hid and expectant. It would seem as if each waited, like the enchanted princess in fairy tales, for a destined human deliverer. Each must be disenchanted and walk forth to the day in human shape."

And what does this mean but freeing the resources of nature by setting them their task to perform? What is it but the deliverance of the groaning creation into the glorious liberty of the sons of God? And so Christ sets free our powers by sending them forth from their imprisonment into the large realm of service and duty—the imagination to paint pictures and fashion cathedrals; the intellect to energize with great ideas some discouraged division in

the great army of progress; the will to proclaim its mighty fiat, "it shall be done"; the heart to send forth its love and sympathy for the comfort and healing of the nations.

In this time of social discontent when the burdens are very heavy and piteous cries come to us from shop and slum and factory; in this day of intellectual unrest when men are asking for a faith that shall be unto them wisdom, power, righteousness and joy; in this hour of great needs intensified by our complex civilization, surely no better motto could be adopted by a Christian university than this: Liberty through service. "If the Son shall thus make you free, you shall be free indeed." "What does it mean," asks Mr. Peabody, "that the last and best conception of philanthrophy, the simple method of residence among the poor and the consequent contagion of the cultivated life, is a university idea, originated by university men and spreading through the cities of Great Britain and America under the name of university settlements? It means that the signs of the time are discerned at last by the academic world and the selfishness of the scholar is being cast out by the spirit of the age. The very joy of education in our day to any open-minded man is the added power it gives to be of use among the needs of the modern world and to this joy the university welcomes

its new comers as they crowd her gates to-day." If I speak to those who contemplate entering the ministry in contradistinction to entering the clerical profession, then let me congratulate you on the magnificent liberty which may be yours through such ministry—for as says a literary prophet—"the day of the minister has come; the day of the priest is dead." As you serve you shall know the meaning of the liberty that is in Christ Jesus and you will ask no other or larger liberty.

But this liberty in all of its forms, comes through the appropriation and incorporation of the Christ life. It is Christ in us who sets us free. The whole story is told in that great word from this same epistle, "Yet I live, and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me: and that life which I now live in the flesh, I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." It is the indwelling Christ who is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. When Christ comes into the soul as an energizing presence, then it is his life in us that frees from selfish aims and purposes, from self-satisfaction and all that hinders aspiration, from low ideals and all that degrades and dishonors human nature. It is Christ in us who sets us free from the power of reigning sin and from "the flesh, with the passions and the lusts

thereof." It is Christ in us who puts all our faculties and powers to work and so through service gives them liberty.

It is not enough that we accept Christ as an intellectual possession, or as the object of our sincere admiration and praise, or as the heart and centre of our theology. He must be in us as energy, as inspiration, as power, the life of our life, the explanation of all our thinking and feeling and doing. It is this divine life within us that frees us. How joyous is this liberty! It is the liberty which the bird feels when it becomes conscious of wings; it is the liberty of health, of bouyant, enthusiastic life. How simple is this liberty! St. Augustine said, "Love, and do as you please," for love will not please to do that which is inconsistent with its own nature. So we may say, "Let Christ live in you, and do as you please, think as you please, live as you please; for thought, life and pursuits would then all be Christlike. How strong is this liberty! The wall needs to be propped because it has no inherent life; the tree stands erect because the life current throbs through root and trunk and branch. And so because the life of Christ is in us, we do not need prohibitions and statutory enactments. We stand strong in the life of Christ within us. We are free from the Law. And who does not see that this liberty must be-

come richer and fuller with the passing years as the Christ life is more fully formed and more consciously felt? This is true not only as respects character but equally true as respects Christian thought. Dr. Gordon has said with truth, "A revolution has already been accomplished—for the most part peacefully and beautifully—in the fundamental thoughts of intelligent believers; the church has already moved, almost unconsciously, but still truly, out of the old, narrow world into the new and vast world of our modern intelligence. All reflective disciples of Christ have been moving into a new realm of thought and feeling, and like men on an ocean voyage they hardly know how far they have come. The same sun and moon and stars and sea seem to make the fact of progress insignificant; but the day arrives when a new territory is sighted and the reality of advance can no longer be doubted. The abiding facts in Christian faith, the permanent forces in Christian experience, the everlasting lights in the firmament of Christian truth and the changeless element of feeling in which all genuine disciples of the Master live and move, tend not infrequently to obscure the reality of movement from less to more. But there come hours of inevitable comparison, when the work of time for the Christian consciousness stands out in unmistakable greatness, when new thoughts,

wider purposes, vaster enterprises make the fact of emergence into a new world no longer deniable." It would be strange were it otherwise. As we grow up into Christ, we necessarily grow out of much in character and thought which once fitted our capacity, but from which we are now free, because outgrown. Our growing and ripening experience in Christ is ever giving unto us a more splendid outlook, vaster perspective. It is freedom through growth, through advancing life, through a growing intimacy with our divine Lord and Master, through higher fellowship with Him, thus raising us to higher planes of thought and feeling.

He who lives with Christ, whose life is lost in the life of Christ, must ever be expectant of new things, of radiant and blessed surprises. "Our horizons vary in extent with the altitude we reach," and so the higher we go with Jesus the more splendid our vision and the more complete our freedom from the things we have left below us, save as these lower things have fitted us to enjoy the wider prospect.

On this day of gratulation when we extend the hand of welcome to our new president and set him apart to his high and honorable work with our good wishes and prayers, it seemed to me appropriate to consider the great text already announced as bringing before us the end and

aim of all true education, viz.: the enfranchisement of the soul, liberty in all the high and best uses of the word. The supreme ministry of a Christian university must be to impart knowledge in order that the mind may be set free to enter into larger truth; in order that the life may be set free to enter into larger service; in order that the whole man may be set free to realize the possibilities of his nature. Liberty is the end and aim of all true culture, as it is the end and aim of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Some one has defined religion as "the art of living; it is knowing how to use eye and hand and foot; how to use intellect, fancy and imagination; how to use conscience, faith, reverence, hope and love; how to employ all the activities of life for spiritual ends and in obedience to spiritual laws." And this "knowing how" is liberty and the teacher is Christ.

May president, faculty and student body give to Him the supreme place, and when it shall "be noised abroad" that Christ is in the university—more consciously and intensely than ever before—shall not eager students crowd our gates, even as the multitude trod one upon another in the long ago when the rumor spread, "He is in the House"?

XI

THE SPECIFIC FOR BEAUTY

(A Commencement Address.)

The beauty of woman has ever been the theme of poets and lovers and will be so long as rivers flow and winds blow—the grace of her step, the luster of her eye, and the bewitching, entrancing spell of all her charms. Such beauty is physical and we admire it as we do "the colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers." One would no more depreciate lovely eyes, drooping lashes, a perfect face or a graceful form than he would seek to disparage the blushes of a rose or the hues of the rainbow. Beauty, in all of its manifestations, is the gift of the All-beautiful one—and we are, therefore, permitted to rejoice in its radiant and inspiring presence in the world. But unless physical beauty is recognized as a divine gift, leading its possessor to honor it as a sacred responsibility, it becomes more destructive than dynamite and more dangerous than distilled poison. The story, as told by history, of beauty divorced from duty, has in it

all the elements of awful tragedy. Such beauty walks hand in hand with anguish down through the centuries.

It is my purpose, however, at this time, to speak of beauty animated by duty, inspired by the spirit of goodness, glorified by love and helpfulness, touching the world's life on its better and diviner side, awakening by its presence and smiles the angel in humanity and evoking from this humanity its slumbering music, even as Memnon drew melodies from the lips of morn. It is the "beauty of holiness" of which I wish you to think and to which I would have your ambition directed. Holiness alone can make physical beauty a safe possession. It alone can change the siren into a savior. It alone can transform a Delilah into a Dorcas, and so make beauty a helpful rather than a destructive influence in the world.

In this address, I shall try to show that holiness is beautiful in itself; that it beautifies the human countenance; and that it is the condition of our appreciation of the beautiful ministries that enter so largely into the education and culture of our souls. Let it be understood in the outset that by holiness is not meant sanctimoniousness or that saintliness which is too good for human nature's daily employments and enjoyments. I do not mean by it "goodyism" or "amiable tameness," or insipid commonplace.

I would not have you associate it with "sackcloth and ashes," or with the suppression or imprisonment of all natural instincts and desires. On the contrary, it is virile and strong. It is not only good—but good for something. It is brave and rejoicing. It walks with a firm step and has "the bare, bold brow" which "is better than the clasp of a coronet." As another has said: "It does not humiliate; it gladdens. It is ardent with heart and passion. It is brilliant with imagination. It is fragrant with taste and grace." In a word, it is compatible with the very highest culture and the noblest achievements, and is the condition of all true and worthy development. Following the order of thought indicated, I remark in the first place that holiness is intrinsically beautiful. It is beautiful because it is natural. Man is made in the image of God and has therefore a capacity for holiness—has the germs of holiness in his nature. Holiness is not something added on to man, but is the development of that which he already has. It is the growth and expansion of the seed, planted in our creation, by the divine hand. It is, therefore, part of our nature. It is natural.

And it is because goodness is natural that it is beautiful. Whatever is growing in the line of its nature—in harmony with what it was intended to be—calls forth our admiration. Hence

health is beautiful and disease is repulsive. We were made to be healthful and not diseased. Hence a full grown physical frame is beautiful and a dwarfed body is painful to behold. We cannot find pleasure in that which is monstrous or abnormal. And it is because man is developing along the line of his real nature in being good that holiness is beautiful and evil is repulsive. Goodness is normal; wickedness is unnatural. It is the nature of a snake to be sinuous and accordingly we admire its sinuosity; it is the nature of the soul to be good and we therefore admire purity, self-sacrifice and every good deed which marks the progress of humanity. The call of religion to holiness is the call to be natural—to cease to pervert the soul and by its perversion to make it deformed and repulsive. The beauty of holiness is the beauty of healthfulness—the beauty of naturalness. A twisted limb is not more repulsive than a twisted soul. Holiness is therefore not an arbitrary appointment of the Almighty, but the development of the soul in harmony with its constitution, and is consequently natural and beautiful.

But not only is holiness beautiful in itself; it is productive of physical beauty. I do not say that goodness is a universal specific for physical beauty, but that it leaves its impress on the human countenance I cannot doubt. There is

an intimate connection between the soul and the body. A beautiful soul helps to make a beautiful body. Is there not found a partial explanation of the transfiguration of Jesus in this principle? This sudden brightness of countenance was the outshining of his perfect holiness; the pent-up glory within sought this external manifestation. The painter who crowns his saint with an aureole of brightness, recognizes the relation which exists between holiness and light; between goodness and brightness. Why do the Scriptures associate these two things in describing the Almighty—his holiness and physical light? "He clothes himself with light as with a garment." The perfection of his character makes his person luminous to the mind of the inspired writers. After long communion with God on the sacred mount we are told that "Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone." But the shining was none the less apparent to all who looked upon it. It was the exalted spirit of the prophet transfiguring the responsive countenance; and so we see in our own observation the invisible artist—holiness—beautifying the human face, lighting it up with a glory that never shone on land or sea. "In one of our modern novels," says a writer, "a young American artist, brilliant, unprincipled, conceited, has been living a wholly selfish life in Rome for some time,

when his mother and her adopted daughter came from America to visit him. And the first time he sees them—simple, pious, loving folk, who have been living in constant anxiety for his sake—he suddenly turns to his mother in the middle of a sentence and asks abruptly—'What has happened to your face these two years? It has changed its expression.' 'Your mother has prayed a good deal,' said the sister simply. 'Well, it makes a very good face,' answered the brother, 'very interesting, very solemn. It has very fine lines to it.'" So holiness glorifies and beautifies the human countenance.

> "For of the soul the body form doth take,
> For soul is form and doth the body make."

Longfellow recognizes this thought in describing one of his characters—"She was a beautiful girl of sixteen, with black hair and dark, lovely eyes and a face that had a story to tell. How different faces are in this particular! Some of them speak not. They are books in which not a line is written, save perhaps a date. Others are great family Bibles, with all the Old and New Testament written in them. Others are Mother Goose and nursery tales; others are bad tragedies or pickle herring farces, and others, like that of the landlady's daughter at the Star, sweet love anthologies and songs of the affections." All of which means to declare

that the face tells the story of the soul—that a beautiful and noble soul makes a beautiful and noble face. Let us observe the working of this principle by a consideration of some of the elements of holiness. Take, for instance, purity. "As a stream leaves its residuum upon its bed, the green of sulphur, the red of iron, the glitter of gold, on the very pebbles that lie in its channel," so pure and noble and generous thoughts as certainly leave their impress on the human countenance. A bright thought overspreads the face with brightness as though it had been kissed by the smile of God. The face takes on the hue and color of that upon which our thoughts dwell. Transient thoughts even make themselves visible on the face—now bright, now dark, now gentle, now severe, like—

> "The Queen of Spring, as she passed thro' the vale,
> Left her robe on the trees and her breath on the gale."

Much more does the face become the medium of expression of a fixed mental state. Purity of heart most certainly, therefore, tends to beauty of countenance. Blessed is that life of which it may be said: "Her soul was guarded by good angels as sweet seclusions for holy thoughts and prayers and all good purposes, wherein pious wishes dwelt like nuns and every image was a saint." Or, as another poet exhorts: "Let sweet thoughts swarm about your soul as bees

about their queen." The face through which such a soul finds expression can but be beautiful. Purity gives clearness to the eye, repose to the countenance and indescribable delicacy of expression. A refined face is the product of this invisible purity—a purity which transfers from the laboratory of the soul to the outward man the hues and colors of its own constitution, even as the sky transfers its own glory of color to the face of a violet. The thought could not be better expressed than in these lines:

"Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks,
And so distinctly wrought
That one might say
Her body thought."

Or, think for a moment of the influence of self-sacrifice in the production of beauty. Balzac represents "a young man as becoming the possessor of a magic skin, the peculiarity of which is that, while it bestows on its possessor the power to gratify every wish or whim, with every such gratification the skin itself shrinks in all its dimensions." Is there not a literal truth in the fable? Selfishness contracts and narrows the lines of the face and brands its possessor's countenance with the marks of his master. And so the physiognomy of the miser is as clearly discerned as the face of the sky—his cunning and scheming eyes, his pinched and

wizened face. "As clear as the scratches on the rock which make us sure that the glacier has ground its way along its face," so clearly does selfishness leave its ugly marks on the human body. And so self-sacrifice, as the artist to whom reference has been made observed, makes fine lines on the face.

But I cannot pursue this line of thought further. I might speak of the influence of hope—hope which "flushed in her temple and her eyes," but must rather call your attention in conclusion to holiness as the condition of that culture which comes from the spiritual use of the ministries which form so large a part of our environment. In proportion as we are developed in purity truth and goodness will we be able to recognize and claim the ministries of nature, music, art and literature. To him who has trained only his intellect, music is little more than a combination of sounds, but to him who has the cultivated intellect and a heart in line with spiritual beauty, "Music," as George MacDonald tells us, "is poetry in solution, and generates that infinite atmosphere common to both musician and poet, which the latter fills with shining worlds." Such an one can appreciate the spiritual meaning of music and so realize the description of a certain character—"when she would worship God, it was in music that she found the chariot of fire in which to as-

cend heavenward." Then, as you listen—

"Memories home within the music,
Stealing through the bars,
Thoughts within the quiet spaces,
Rise and set like stars."

So in the ministry of nature. There must be heart-vision to appreciate its beauty. One who is worldly in thought and trivial in all his feelings and tastes can find no "form or comeliness" in flower or field. But to the soul that loves truth and beauty, this natural world is "but the robe in which the infinite clothes his loveliness."

"Never a daisy that grows,
But a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows,
But a majesty sceptres the flowing."

Only the pure in heart can see God in nature or elsewhere. The true poet is a God's man—

"He walks with God upon the hills
And sees each morn the world arise
New bathed in light of Paradise."

Consider the difference between the scientific study of a star and the spiritual meaning seized by him whose heart is crying out for the divine. The one has to say:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
I don't wonder what you are,
What you are, I know quite well,
And your component parts can tell."

The star has been weighed in the balances. Its wonder has departed. The mystery is dissipated. The poet on the other hand—the man

whose soul craves the beauty of holiness—looks up to heaven, so dim and far, and out of the sky, resplendent with stars, he chooses one for his own special preacher—

> "O, star of strength, I see thee stand
> And smile upon my pain,
> Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
> And I am strong again."

Holiness gives spiritual vision. It sees more in heaven and in earth than is dreamed of in the philosophy of the schools. "On one occasion there was a man looking at Turner's pictures. He gazed at the beautiful sunset views and the beautiful sea views and at last he said: 'These are all fanciful, the product of the artist's imagination. I never could see anything in the sunset like that.' Turner, as the story goes, was present, and answered, 'No, you could see nothing like that, but don't you wish you could?' " No materialist, whose spiritual nature has been neglected, can see anything more than canvas and paint. But it is just this power to see that distinguishes one man from another. It is the difference between littleness and greatness. It is the difference between genius and talent. The faculty of vision is our divine inheritance. Let it be cultivated, and life will be transfigured and the world for us be made to shine with the glory of God.

XII

"YOUR OWN, OR ANOTHER'S—WHICH?"

"Ye are not your own: for ye are bought with a price." 1 Cor. 6:19.

I invite attention to a clause found in the nineteenth verse of the sixth chapter of First Corinthians: "Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price." Nothing stands alone. Each thing, whether it be an atom or a world, is related to some other thing in the mighty domain of creation. Nowhere can there be found unrelated existence or isolated being. Things great and small, vast and insignificant, are alike affected by this law of mutual connection and dependence. The stars move on in their respective orbits, singing their respective songs, but each song is only a part of one song and each note a part of the one glorious anthem: "The hand that made us is divine." Creation is one vast circle, and all things are swept into it and form part of its mighty circumference.

It is likewise true that all conscious life is related. The life of each man is so interwoven with the lives of all men, so bound up in the relationships and obligations of human society,

that the truth of our text is at once apparent. We are not our own; we belong to the world—to our country, to our State, to our city, to the men and women who form our social environment. There is no escape from the law of human relationship. In its lower forms it must be honored if we would maintain physical existence. In its higher form it must be acknowledged if we would maintain our moral self-respect.

But growing out of this law of human relationship, and involved in it, is that strange, subtle, mysterious thing we call influence, which links our lives, whether we will it so or not, to the lives of our fellowmen. Each life is a blot radiating darkness or a sun radiating light. Each life is a harmonious note in the world's music or a jarring discord. Each life is a wave on the great sea of humanity, setting in motion other waves that go on in never ending circles until they strike the shore of eternity. The person influenced owns us to the extent that he has the right to demand that the influence exerted by us shall not be hurtful. Life can no more exist unto itself than can the sun shine for itself or the flowers give fragrance for themselves. Never was there a profounder utterance, than that of the inspired writer when, seeking to make us feel the awful responsibility of this earthly existence, he says unto us: "No

man liveth unto himself." Each of us is in very truth his brother's keeper, and each of us is owned by the other to the extent that each of us is called upon to exert only a helpful influence in relation to others.

But, as a general proposition, the truth of the text is established in the conscience of every man as he goes about the daily tasks which claim him. All of us know ourselves to be owned by some master. That master may be a principle, a passion, or a person. One man serves ambition and recognizes ambition as his master. Another man is the bond slave of business. Still another man is the servant of pleasure. Says the Apostle, "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death or of obedience unto righteousness?" It is not a question as to whether or not we shall have a master. We all have masters. The supreme question concerns the character of the master whom we shall be willing to serve. In this splendid text, so far-reaching in its significance, the inspired writer is bidding us to give in our allegiance to Jesus Christ as the one only person who has the right to reign over and to rule our lives.

So far as Christian men are concerned we acknowledge this allegiance to Jesus Christ. We are his sworn servants. We have pledged

loyalty with the heavens bending over us; in the presence of many witnesses we have sworn to accept him for life and for death and for eternity. But what about the claims of this Christ upon humanity? Has he the right to reign over the lives of all men?

It is not proper, in view of the purpose of this sermon, to enter into any elaborate argument as to the claims of Jesus Christ upon humanity; but I want to say that he owns all men because he has loved them. In his unparalleled sacrifice there is a claim on the affections and on the obedience of all men. After all, the imperial guard of the ages and of the centuries is made up of the men who have suffered and toiled and wrought for humanity. The men of the thorn crown are those who dominate the race. The martyrs rule us from their tombs. Wherever blood has been shed of a sacrificial character, meaning thereby the betterment of humanity, that spot has become sacred, and upon that spot has been erected a throne. We honor the hill where Prescott fought and Warren fell, because that hill speaks of a devotion and self-sacrifice contributing to the carrying of the world just a little forward towards liberty, and the possible realization of the capacity of human nature for perfection.

So the cross of Christ has become his throne. He wears the sceptre and the purple because

he has been lifted up as the victim of man's hate and at the same time as the redemptive force of humanity. We owe all allegiance to Jesus Christ because he has loved us unto the uttermost.

But, again, his character has a claim upon our allegiance. My friends, it is impossible for us to get away from the dominating control of righteousness. As Hamlet is the highest expression in literature, as the Ninth Symphony is the highest expression in music, as the Parthenon is the highest expression in architecture, so the life of Jesus Christ is the highest expression of righteousness, and because he is the incarnation and supreme expression of righteousness, he dominates men. Wherever the voice of righteousness is heard men must bow to its authority. The authority of God is not the authority of omnipotence. It is the authority of goodness. If it were the authority of omnipotence, he could crush us, but he could not conquer us. It is the authority of goodness, and conscience in every man answers to the call of righteousness, whether the man renders obedience to righteousness in his life or not. So the claim of Christ upon every man is the claim of righteousness.

Furthermore, Jesus owns men because he alone can satisfy the deepest needs of the human soul. In this sense, knowledge owns ignorance

because it is that which ignorance needs. In this sense power owns weaknesss because power has that which weakness needs. In this sense the sun owns the seed bed, because without the sun the seed will remain in the ground and never come forth into beauty and blossom. We have needs—deep needs—of the human soul, which Jesus Christ alone can answer and fulfill. Therefore, he has a claim upon us. It is the claim of strength on weakness; it is the claim of knowledge on ignorance; it is the claim of genius on talent; it is the claim of light on vegetation; it is the claim of God on his dependent creatures.

Well has the Apostle given this great truth, not to those who have pledged allegiance to Christ and with whom the matter may be settled, but to all men: "Ye are not your own, for ye have been bought with a great price."

But what are the practical conclusions? If we belong to Christ at all we belong to him in all the relationships and pursuits and pleasures of life. If Christ owns the brain he owns every nerve and artery connected with the brain. If Christ owns the heart he owns every pulse beat. If Christ owns us in the sanctuary he owns us in the shop. If Christ is recognized as Master in the church he must be recognized as Master at the polls. If Jesus Christ is Lord of any part of us he is Lord of every part of us.

Shall we treat Christ as the Italian Government has treated the Pope? Shall we shut him up within four walls and say unto him: "Your sovereignty is to be confined to certain religious exercises and functions, and have nothing whatever to do with the great outlying life"? Do you suppose that the Master will accept any such miserable, paltry allegiance offered unto him by those who claim to be his professed followers? If Jesus Christ owns us at all, if he has the right over us in the least part, he has the right over us in the church and out of the church, while we are on bended knee and when we go to our business, and when we attend to our civic duties, under all circumstances, wherever we may be placed.

But, you say, this is to confuse the secular and the sacred. There are certain things that are to be denominated sacred, and there are certain other things which are to be denominated secular. I want to say this with all possible emphasis: There is no realm in God's universe that can properly be denominated secular save that realm over which the devil reigns. God has a right to every acre of land and to every agency and instrumentality employed by humanity, and if that acre of land is withheld from him, or if that agency and instrumentality are given over to evil, then we have made them secular. That which ought to have been di-

vine, that which ought to have been sacred, we have cheapened by giving it over to the reign of Satan, which is the reign of evil.

How shall we be delivered from the curse of a conventional Christianity? How is it possible for us to come to understand that for Christ to own us is to have dominion over every part of our life?

I want to say furthermore that if we belong to Christ we are free from all other masters. There is a note of magnificent independence in the utterance of the Apostle Paul. One day, rising up in his majesty, he turned to those who would own him and said unto them: "Let no man trouble me, for I belong to somebody else. I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ." And as cattle when branded are known to belong unto such a master, so this man, being branded by the marks of his Master, declared thereby whose he was and whom he served; but, mark you, his claim to independence is based upon his service of Christ. He owned to one master, therefore he was free from all other masters. There is no independence for any soul of man until he finds a master who is worthy of him and capable of leading him and developing him in all the parts of his nature which need to be trained and disciplined and developed.

We are told that such an one belongs to the

Democratic party or to the Republican party. If he be a Christian he belongs to Christ and is free from every party save as that party represents the spirit of Christ in civic affairs. We are told that such an one belongs to the church. He first belongs to Christ, and he is free from the church unless the church represents the spirit and life and aim and purpose of Jesus Christ. Let us say in very earnest, "No other Lord but thee we will know, no other name but thine confess," then we shall enter into our true liberty.

May I say also in this connection that if we belong to Christ we should serve him worthily? To use the illustration of another, here are men who are represented to us as belonging to Cromwell's Ironsides. A battle is being waged. So soon as they get the scent of powder they take to their heels and run. We say to ourselves, "There is some mistake here; these are not Cromwell's Ironsides. If these men belonged to Cromwell they would have Cromwell's spirit and Cromwell's courage. Theirs may be the conduct of perfumed cavaliers, but they do not belong to Cromwell."

So it is, my friends, with those who are Christian citizens and acknowledge their allegiance to this Christ whom they pledge to love and serve and obey even unto death.

We have before us at this time the question

of civic righteousness—a very old question, but new now again. Here is a man who claims to belong to Jesus Christ. He claims to be not only a citizen, but a Christian citizen, and yet he refuses to go to the polls and vote. He refuses to serve on the juries when summoned if it is possible for him to escape such service. He has not the courage of his convictions—the courage to come out in the open and to declare for that which his soul endorses. He takes to cover whenever there is danger. He talks good citizenship and yet at the same time dishonors the Master who is Master over him in that realm no less than in the church. These men owned by Christ? Why, they have mistaken their master. They do not know the spirit of him who said, "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," as well as "render unto God the things that are God's." Let us serve this Master worthily; let us remember whose we are. Let the subject know the meaning of serving such royalty as that which is throned in the highest heavens.

And, finally, if we belong to Christ, we are sure of protection and safety and victory. Here is a ship out on the high seas. She belongs to nobody. She has no cargo. She has no crew. She has no pilot. She is a derelict, and because she is a derelict she is at the mercy of wind and wave, and presently shall surely be engulfed. Here is another ship owned and

piloted. How she moves, like a thing of life, over the bounding waves! Yonder is her port, and with prow set steadily in that direction she goes as straight as an arrow to the mark. Somebody owns her, somebody is controlling every part and particle of her machinery. She has a master, and, therefore, she is safe.

I have heard men say, "I am my own master, I belong to myself." Like those self-sanctified Jews of long ago, they declared, "We are in bondage to no man." Very well, accept your reward; you are at the mercy of your passions; you are at the mercy of your appetites; you are at the mercy of every outside call of influence that may come upon you. The masterful man is the mastered man. The man whose life goes on steadily and strongly and magnificently is the man who has found his master. If we would only recognize that claim of the Christ upon us, we should understand the secret of living because we are owned, we are safeguarded, by righteousness. Because the Christ is our Master we have about us the sustaining strength of the Eternal One; we shall go into port, we shall arrive. As surely as the omnipotent love is at the helm, just so surely no cause of righteousness has ever failed ultimately. As surely as the infinite God guides the stars in their courses quietly and calmly, just so surely righteousness shall be ultimately triumphant and God shall

come into possession of his world—every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

What does your religion mean to you? Are you simply playing at religion? Are you simply going to church and indulging in a few religious functions on Sunday? Are you in earnest in acknowledging the sway of Jesus Christ over your life? One church in this community with men and women in it who honestly believe that Jesus Christ has a right to rule over them everywhere and under all circumstances, would have the effect upon the community at large that the great gulf stream has upon the mighty waters through which it flows. May God burn this truth into our souls to-night—we who claim to be Christian men. You are not your own, you belong to the city. Do your duty to it. You belong to the State; see that you serve your master in that relationship properly and worthily. You belong unto the suffering and sorrowing and needy ones all about you and around you. Live grandly, live victoriously, live splendidly, as it is your privilege to live, if only you shall recognize the divine sovereignty.

I call to mind these closing lines of a poem which suggests some discouragement, by the

way, but which reminds us of ultimate victory:

"'Tis weary watching, wave on wave,
But yet the tide heaves onward;
We build like corals, grave on grave,
But pave a path that's sunward.
Though beaten back in many a fray,
Yet ever strength we'll borrow,
And where the vanguard rests to-day,
The rear will camp to-morrow."

Christ is leading on.

XIII

"THE MINISTER IN THE MARKET PLACE"

"Therefore disputed he in the market daily with them that met with them." ACTS 17:17.

The market place of Athens was the resort of the crowds. It was the meeting place of philosophers and people. Here was represented the commerce of trade and the commerce of ideas. A writer brings the picture before us, when he tells us that men of all ranks and classes, of all pursuits and professions, met and jostled each other in that eager throng, of which Demosthenes had said 400 hundred years before that it was more curious to hear the news or to learn the last excitement than to recognize the impending destruction of the liberties of the people. The dominant notes of the Athenian market place were democracy and indifferentism. The world of Athens and the spirit of Athens both found their expression in the market place.

Now, the significant fact which explains the subject of our sermon is that the Apostle Paul went daily to the market place to proclaim

his message. He was a man of the people. He mingled with the crowd. He identified himself with the multitude. As Socrates, so Paul—both were street preachers.

Let us remember that the great preacher of primitive Christianity was not kept from the market place by any thought of exclusive sacredness attached to a given place. His pulpit was movable. Wherever was assembled the crowd there was ready the preacher. As the hunter is mastered by the spirit of the chase, so this man was mastered by enthusiasm for humanity, and he cared not for the place or the surroundings, save as they might give him opportunity to hold up the Christ whom he loved. Field-preaching, street-preaching, is no modern device. It has been dignified by apostolic practice; yea, more, by the constant practice of Jesus the Christ, the world's Savior, and Redeemer.

Nor was the Apostle kept from the market place by any thought of lowering his dignity in association with the multitude. We hear very much spoken of preserving the dignity of the pulpit. There is a stiff clericalism which is too prim for ornament and too cold for service. It cares more for functions than for folks. It cares more for respectability than for religion. It cares more for externalities than for realities. Paul would have been a dignified character

whether standing in the market place or in the presence of the Court of Areopagus. He would have been a sublime figure under any set of circumstances because of his intense moral earnestness and his tremendous passion for humanity. After all, what is demanded? What is true dignity? It is that fine quality which shows the man fitted for his task. It is adequateness, it is effectiveness in the presence of the thing that needs to be done. That painter is clothed upon with most dignity, who can best mix his colors and glorify his canvas. That diver is most dignified who can plunge to a sufficient depth to enable him to rescue the drowning man. He who claims to be a minister of the Gospel of Christ and who stands aloof from the people of the market place loses the only dignity to which he has any claim.

Nor was Paul hindered in his association with the people by the thought that it was incumbent upon him to speak to his audience on a given day and at no other time. Daily, we read, he disputed with the people in the market place. Let us learn, my friends, that one can preach the gospel through his life no less than through the delivery of a message. The preacher must represent his Master not only on a given day, and standing upon a definite platform, but in the smile of his face, in the good cheer

he may be able to impart, in the handgrasp, in the influence that goes forth from his personal character as he meets and mingles with men in the market place daily.

I am reminded furthermore that although Paul was a man of culture, he was a man of the people. This man who could hold his own with the philosophers, this man who knew Greek poetry, as is proven by a quotation in that marvelous address on Mars Hill; this man who was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, this man who was at home in the presence of royalty, and who is a noble exemplification of graceful and eloquent speech under the most trying emergencies—it is he whom we find in the market place. Any culture that stands aloof from the people is spurious. Of what avail is the masterpiece so long as it is veiled from the eyes that can catch inspiration as they look upon it? Of what avail is our boasted culture if it shall not go far enough down to elevate and ennoble and refine those who are in need of it? Of what avail is a great book that may be written unless it shall give forth a great truth that shall stir the pulses of men and lead them on to the achievement of high and noble and splendid things?

I believe in an educated ministry. I believe in culture in the pew and in the pulpit, but I

have no patience with that sort of culture that wraps the silken robe of its selfishness about it and forgets its mission, its purpose, its significance, in the presence of a suffering humanity.

Now, it is my purpose to-night to consider for a few moments the makeup of the market place and the relation of the gospel to the various types we discover in the market place.

Where shall we go in order to find men? We hear very much nowadays about the absence of men from the churches. It is true. May not the fault lie, to a great extent, with the pulpit? If the preacher shall daily go to the market place he will find out for himself the needs and temptations and sorrows and struggles of men, and he will then be enabled to address a message to them which shall meet the requirements of their nature. Furthermore, in this way the pulpit will discover the temper of the market place, the temper of masculine humanity in its relation to Christianity.

Two things will be made evident. The demand to-day on the part of the men of the market place is for a Christianity that is simple, direct, straightforward, positive, and aggressive. Men do not care for theology; they do care for the facts with which theology has to do. They do not care for the method of the manufacture of violins; they do care for the music. They do not care for technicalities;

they do care for realities. I believe that, if the pulpit of to-day will bring to men the simple, unadorned Christianity of Christ, the men will hear it. They do not wish to be troubled and confused and vexed by metaphysical subtleties and vain speculations in connection with which there is neither information nor enrichment.

Another thing will be discovered. The temper of masculine humanity in the market place is demanding that the gospel shall make demands on them that shall be worth while. I believe that one reason why men stay away from the churches to-day is because the pulpit is bringing a soft and effeminate message to them rather than the virile, heroic message of the gospel. We invite them into a drawing room when they are waiting to hear the sound of a trumpet summoning them to the battlefield. We play for their amusement upon the flute when they are listening for the bugle. It has always been true in the history of the world that men will answer to the heroic. Jesus made that appeal. He didn't say unto men, "Come and be entertained, come and let me play for you and sing for you, come and be charmed by the beautiful things that I may say to you." What was his message? "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." A gas-lighted and flower-

scented Christianity does not meet the requirements of masculine humanity, and the pulpit might as well understand now, if it desires to reach men, that it must once again lift up the cross and say unto men, "Here is your opportunity for heroic endeavor and for self-sacrificing service in the interest of humanity."

But let me call attention to some of the types of the market place. I am thinking particularly of those who are indifferent to the claims of religion, either through ignorance or through lack of opportunity rather than through a determination on their part not to hear the claims of the gospel. I shall eliminate any reference to the cultured, to the wealthy, to those who occupy high social positions, and would bid you think, in the first place, of that element of society known as the slums. Here we strike bottom at once. By the slums I mean the people who know nothing of books and paintings; nothing of the artificialities and conventionalities of refined society; those who, to a very large extent, are poverty-stricken and brutal and criminal, wanting in ideals, wanting in high enthusiasm, wanting in any outlook, either for time or eternity. Has the gospel of Jesus Christ any message for them? Has the pulpit any relation to that element of the population of the market place? If it has come to the point in history when the church of Jesus

Christ thinks itself justified in ignoring that class of humanity, I say to you in all frankness, we ought to close our church doors and shut our Bible and cease our hymn singing and give up the whole business as a fraud and a farce. It is a simple caricature of the religion of Jesus Christ to ignore that most desperately needy element of human society. Emerson said on one occasion a hard thing—that man who was so gentle that one wrote concerning him he could take down our idols as though he were performing a religious act. He said this: "The greatest trouble about charity is that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving." That may be the gospel of culture; it is not the Gospel of Jesus Christ. That may suit a scientific conception or belief in the survival of the fittest, through the crushing out of those that are weakest. It is not in harmony with that spirit of love which is as far-reaching as the sun, as comprehensive in its outreaching as the atmosphere.

What right has a church calling itself a church of Jesus Christ to refuse one moment to grapple with the problem of the slums? If Jerry McAuley could be saved by the grace of God—the man whose residence was in nearly all of the penitentiaries of the world—if that man could be redeemed and made a servant fit and meet for the Master's use during many

years of life, followed by thousands in New York City to his last resting place, having his memory thereby honored and revered, then there is hope for the vilest and lowest in the slums of our city. I have read of a certain harp that was left in an old castle by a wandering minstrel, who passed on, and the residents of that castle could not use the harp. They had no skill in their touch and no power to awaken the wondrous melody that slept in it. It became cobwebbed and hung there disused. Years went by, the wandering minstrel returned; the master of the harp was once again in the presence of his loved instrument; he took it up tenderly, he touched its chords, and lo, marvelous music came issuing from it! Ah, my friends, it depends upon whose touch it is in determining the question as to whether or not the slums can be redeemed!

He who goes into the slums with an air of patronage, he who engages in the effort to save society as a fad, he who simply uses such enterprises as a pastime or a diversion, shall find only revolt and rebellion on the part of those whom he seeks to please; but when the Christ or his representative goes into the slums we shall find marvelous music waiting to be called forth by the divine touch.

I want to say, furthermore, that unless the slums are redeemed, then the city itself is in

danger. The great fault with the culture of the ancient world was that it did not go down deep enough, and therefore the social state became top-heavy, in that culture was bestowed upon the few, and the result was confusion and overthrow. If our religion should be limited only to the intelligent, to the refined, to the cultured, we should have the same condition of affairs. We must, my friends, come down among the masses if we would save society from the dangers which threaten it. Revolution is in the slums; anarchy is in the slums; the socialism that is dangerous is largely diffused in the slums. The people of the slums are crouching and growling and snarling in the presence of the inequalities of society, as they groan under the heavy burden of poverty and wretchedness and ignorance which crushes them down to the earth. Woe be unto the pulpit if it forgets the men in the slums!

And there is another figure in this hurrying throng of the market place—sturdy, strong, silent, self-reliant, courageous — we call him the working man. We hear much about him in his relation to the capitalist. I deny his right to that title as an exclusive possession. All of us are working men who are engaged in any sort of useful enterprise to make this world the better because of our presence in it. There are working men in the realm of thought,

no less than in the realm of material things. But the significant fact is this: that the working man—the mechanic, the artisan, the toiler in the factories—is almost wholly indifferent to the claims of the church. In a circular letter sent out to the labor leaders of this country by one who was studying the labor problem, it was discovered that these labor leaders, representing the labor constituency of the country, had not one word of praise to say concerning the church, while all of them were agreed in giving honor and respect and admiration to Jesus Christ. They said (these working men): "Your churches are rich men's clubs; your churches represent organized hypocrisy; and, for our part, we will take in the summer time an outing for our families, and at other times the union or the lodge." What is the trouble? Here is a class of our population back of all our material development. The brain of Christopher Wren could not alone build Westminster Abbey. The hand of the toiler must rear those walls. The whir of wheels, the clatter of the printing press, the click of the telegraph, the thunder and roar of traffic, all this is the oratorio of the laboring man. He is the most potent factor in our Christian civilization. Without him our factories close; without him we cannot build churches in which to worship; without him even the organ cannot be reared

from which the uplifting and inspiring strains to heaven shall pour forth; without him the author is powerless to get his thoughts to the world, and yet this class, according to the paper referred to, is indifferent to the claims of the church.

I am here to say that the church must be judged in the light of its ideals, rather than its actual achievements. The church is anxious to realize those ideals, but it is composed of weak and fallible and sinful and erring men. The church, furthermore, must be judged in the light of its limitations. The laboring man is to remember that the church cannot command all the resources of society or all the wealth of the world to do what it may please. If the President, who is a Republican, should happen to have a Democratic House and a Democratic Senate, he is thereby hampered in the carrying out of the very best plans which he may wish to bring into fulfilment for the benefit of the people; and the church to-day is trying to multiply its resources, to get hold of the beneficent departments of humanity in order that they may all be turned to the carrying on of this world to higher and nobler things; but in the meantime we are limited and cannot do it. I believe the attitude of the working man toward the church is unjust, and yet at the same time I am here to say that the church

of Christ to-day has departed from the spirit of the Son of Man, the Prince of working men of all ages and centuries. I do not know how to solve the problem. I know this to be true: The pulpit must try in its dealings with the working man to steer between socialism on the one hand and social exclusiveness on the other hand. The church cannot espouse any philosophy, be it socialism or any other. It cannot champion any sectional cause. It must condemn the class spirit with all its might and energy in the name of Him who created all men of one blood who dwell upon the face of the earth. Perhaps if there were less of the class spirit in the churches to-day there would be greater readiness on the part of the working men to crowd its doors and to find there the message of life and hope and salvation.

I might speak, in conclusion, of another figure in the market place, and then I promise to let you go. I am thinking of the politician. You recognize him as a common character in the market place. He is genial, he has a smile for everybody; he is a free hearted individual. He mixes and mingles easily with the crowd; and yet, do you know that the average politician is utterly aloof from the church, wholly indifferent to the claims of Christianity in so far as the church may repre-

sent Christianity? Why is it? I do not know. It is a puzzle, just as many other things in this world are puzzles. I want to say this, however, that the gospel of Jesus Christ has no compromise with the politician any more than it has any compromise with the working man or with the man in the slums. One thing that gospel emphasizes as the basis of the salvation of the politician, and that is simple, old-fashioned, plain, unadulterated honesty; and I believe that there is not a politician in this country of ours to-day who, if he simply gives himself to the business of being honest, won't find it an easy thing to take a step further and to enter into the higher things which pertain to the religion of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. You cannot build a superstructure upon a rotten foundation. You may bring magnificent stones and have them polished; you may bring timbers of oak gathered from the forests of the earth; you may have the very best possible material and the very best carpenters and masons employed—but if you have a rotten foundation all of your good timber subsequently built upon it means nothing. Given a man who hates a lie; given a man who recognizes responsibility to his constituency; given a man who is honest up and down, out and out, through and through, and you have something on which to build. Otherwise you are trying to rear a structure on a rotten foundation.

Oh, my friends, I want us to have this lesson to carry home with us! I have thought of these three classes of society as representing, perhaps, those who are to-day most indifferent to the claims of religion, and who represent the temper of the Athenian market place; but I want to leave this message with you: The gospel of Jesus Christ knows no classes. It comes in the name of him who called himself the Son of Man, the representative of the human race, in whose veins pulsed the blood of humanity. The gospel he brings is a gospel for rich and for poor, for high and for low, for the outcast and for the refined and cultured.

May I say this before closing—that I am not at all sure that the man in the slums needs the gospel more than the man in the palace. I am not at all sure but that Fifth avenue is to-day more in need of the gospel of Jesus Christ than Five Points in New York City. There is tragedy in the brown-stone front no less than in the tenement house. The starved soul in the delicately nurtured, finely clothed body in hideous contrast with the physical ease and luxury that are choking it—that is tragedy! May God help us to bring the gospel to all men in harmony with the particular needs and requirements of those with whom we have to deal, and may we furthermore understand

that it is at our peril if we turn to a more inviting environment from the slums or away from other elements of society that are equally in need of this gospel of Jesus Christ. Oh, if we could feel the sweep and majesty and universality of the gospel of the Son of God! There is but one condition that it takes into consideration, and that is the lost condition. If men are lost, wherever they may be and under whatsoever circumstances they may be placed, the strong arm of the Son of God is stretched out to rescue and to save and to redeem. This is the message of the gospel in its relation to the market place, and may God burn it into the souls of all Christian people!

XIV

AN OUTLINE SERMON

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth fn him should not perish, but have everlasting life." JOHN 3:16.

A recent sermon delivered in Louisville, Ky., setting forth certain critical views of the gospel record, offers a favorable opportunity to submit by way of contrast the positive affirmations of Christianity. I do not deny the right of criticism in any realm where its methods can be legitimately employed. Historical criticism, applied to the Bible, is altogether legitimate, for the Bible, like any other book, unquestionably has a literary development and history. Reverent criticism has made the Bible more real to those who love it, as containing the supreme revelation of God in Christ. It has deepened rather than lessened our reverence for that book, concerning which Sir Walter Scott declares, "There is only one Book." Criticism has excavated its treasures. But biblical criticism must be constructive, if it shall be helpful; it must be employed for the sake of

life or else it is no better than literary dilettanteism. Nor are we to suppose that the conclusions of even reverent criticism are infallible. To place upon them the magic phrase "modern scholarship" need not awe us, for the history of scholarship in the realm of biblical criticism has been largely progress through surrender, advance through defeat.

But while the scholars are bringing to us their latest conclusions as to the literary structure of the Bible, there is need for the proclamation of the positive gospel of Jesus Christ. Criticism has no help for a soul in agony. It offers no deliverance to sin-burdened humanity. It is really the mental luxury of the few; it has no message for the great mass of struggling, suffering men and women; it is not a gospel, it is a literary method or discipline.

In our text we have in broad outline the positive gospel of Jesus Christ, filled in and completed by the whole history of Christianity. Hear the mighty music of this utterance: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." This is a gospel—a tremendous affirmation of good news for all the world. What are its facts as given to us by the whole gospel record? First, there is a God; secondly, the relation of this God to man is one of love;

thirdly, this love has always existed in the divine nature, but received its supreme historic expression in Jesus Christ; fourthly, this Christ declared the divine love in his words and works —pre-eminently in his death and resurrection— and finally all men who believe in this Christ by appropriating his life and spirit have here and now eternal life which finds its fulfillment and completion in a life of blessedness beyond the grave.

Concerning this positive gospel observe: First, these facts are not invalidated by the matter of authorship. The text is taken from the gospel of John, but the truth of the facts is altogether independent of who wrote the great words. Somebody wrote the book known as the "Gospel according to St. John," and whoever wrote it has made it as clear as day that he was bearing witness to the truth. There is not a false or discordant note in the great melody. It may be added, however, in the words of Prof Ladd: "The vigorous and determined attacks upon the genuineness of the fourth gospel have greatly increased instead of impairing our confidence in the traditional view."

Secondly, the fact of God's love does not come within the scope of literary criticism. The proposition—"God so loved the world"—may be considered with grammar and lexicon, but the fact can only be made known in terms of

life. This is a matter with which history has to do. It is not denied that Jesus Christ lived and was crucified on a cross. That granted—and giving to him only supreme place as man—you have in him an expression of God's love in the highest terms of life—for his is concededly the highest life. The simple question is whether such a supreme expression of love has been made in such a person as Jesus Christ. History must answer this question—and there is no uncertainty in the reply.

Thirdly, we are further to remember that criticism cannot offset in any wise the blessings which follow upon the acceptance of Jesus Christ. They are matters of human consciousness. There are thousands who are actually enjoying these blessings as consciously as one enjoys a day in June. Criticism cannot change the facts of Christian experience.

Fourthly, it is when we come to speak of the miraculous in the history of our Lord—his miraculous birth, his wonderful words and his resurrection from the dead—it is then we are challenged with the declaration that the record is not trustworthy. Is it not strange, to say the least, that these critics, while admitting that records are sufficiently trustworthy to give us the sublime figure of the human Jesus, deny that the writers can be trusted in dealing with supernatural accessories? Given the personality of

Christ—and this is conceded, for our critics can find no words too lofty in describing his character—and the miracles, one might say, become the natural outflow and expression of such a life. They are natural to the character. Their value does not consist in making Jesus the Son of God, but in declaring the fact. His divinity is inherent in his character, and his miraculous works are not evidential because of their wonderful features, but because of their quality, revealing, as they all do, the divine love and compassion and character. They are but the external shining which comes from the inward glory.

The gospel of Jesus Christ can never be touched by criticism—whatever its findings—for that gospel alone is the answer to the deepest needs and loftiest aspirations of the human soul.

XV

"IS THERE A HELL?"

"And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." LUKE 16:23.

Is there a hell? This is the tremendous question we are to consider. It may be answered by asking another question: Can there be in any world wickedness apart from wretchedness? The two things, sin and suffering, wickedness and wretchedness, go together as swan and shadow, as cause and effect. Hell is the necessary consequence of sin—the inexorable outworking of natural law in a perverted soul. Its fires are those which have been kindled by lust and hate and selfishness and crime. Its outer darkness is that of a soul blinded to the beauty of holiness; its prison-house is that in which the soul's noblest aspirations have been stifled and stilled. An inspired apostle utters the law which governs a perverted soul, and therefore enunciates that which is true in the very nature of things, when he says: "Tribulation and wrath upon

every son of man which worketh evil." If insanity has been described as sweet bells jangling and out of tune, hell may be described as the soul out of harmony with God, and, therefore, out of harmony with self and the nature of things.

Where is hell? It cannot be found in any geography; it has no boundaries. You cannot affirm of it, lo, here, or lo, there. It is an invisible realm. Hell must be located in the soul of the sinner. Hell is an outraged and dishonored conscience. If you had asked Charles IX of France, when he lay dying, "Where is hell?" he might have made answer, as he listened in imagination to the groans which came from the victims of St. Bartholomew's massacre, "Hell is within this bosom, in the thought of power abused, of cruelty enthroned, of justice dishonored, of religion disgraced. If you will look beneath the surface, if you will go beyond this miserable flesh, you shall discover the fires of hell blazing within mine own soul." Where there is sin unrepented of, there is hell. Milton recognizes this profound truth when he represents his Satan as saying:

> "Which way I flee am hell,
> Myself am hell."

Byron reminds us that to the guilty soul all places are hell:

> "To zones, though more and more remote,
> Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
> The blight of life, the demon thought."

Is There a Hell?

Is hell endless? If there be such a thing as endless sin, then there must be endless punishment. If there shall be at any given point in eternity the extinguishment of sin, wholly and entirely, then the flames of hell will go out, for there shall be no material to feed them. In the light of the facts of this present life, and observing the tendency of character, whether good or evil, to become fixed and permanent and unalterable, it would seem that there is no escape from those awful words which close the Book of Revelation: "He that is unjust will go on being unjust, he that is unholy will go on being unholy, he that is filthy will go on being filthy." If in any world there shall be ability on the part of the sinner to turn from his sin, if that capacity shall not have been destroyed through wickedness, then I believe that the arm of infinite love will lift such a one even out of the pit; but the terrible facts of human experience go to show that it is the tendency of a soul given to wickedness to become more hardened and more perverse until we are driven to the conclusion that there may come a time when the infinite love of an infinite God is only a vain appeal.

You will observe from these opening remarks that I do not believe in a material hell. I do not believe in Dante's Inferno with its sullen moans and hollow groans and shrieks of tortured

ghosts. It is sublime poetry, but is miserable psychology. I do not believe in a literal fire as the element of punishment, for the very simple reason that the spirit is not combustible. You cannot scorch a soul with flame, you cannot beat it with few or many stripes, you cannot shut it up as a physical presence within a dungeon; it must suffer in harmony with its own nature, in harmony with its constitution, or it cannot suffer at all.

The language of the New Testament dealing with this subject of hell, is necessarily figurative. It is either figurative or meaningless. It is meaningless, because, if literal, it would be contradictory. Take the figures that are employed. They are mutually exclusive, if not to be received as figurative. Hell cannot be at the same time a furnace and outer darkness; it cannot be at the same time a bottomless pit and a lake of brimstone. No, friends, it would seem that inspiration was unable in literal language to describe the awful reality, and therefore, symbolism was employed in order that vividness might be given to the reality.

I want you to hear Jesus' doctrine of hell, and before I present it let me remind you that he who spake this parable of the rich man and Lazarus had in his bosom the tenderest heart that ever beat in human bosom. Of him it was said: "A bruised reed will he not

break, and smoking flax will he not quench." He could not be indifferent to the cry of a beggar or the bleating of a lamb. He wept over Jerusalem. His great frame shook with sobs as he poured out his sympathy in the home of Bethany. It is this tender Christ who brings before us the most awful picture that has ever been thrown before the mind or the imagination of man. Do you suppose that for mere literary purposes he gave to the world this immortal parable? Do you suppose that he would seek to terrify the imagination unless there should be some awful fact which would require to be told in order that the imagination might be horrified and man be saved? Hear the story:

There was a certain rich man, who is nameless, and a certain beggar named Lazarus. The rich man clothed himself in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. The beggar was laid at his gate desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. Both died, both were buried. Lazarus is carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. Of the rich man, it is said, in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment. Disillusionment had come; his soul was face to face with awful reality. Our text is the wail of a lost soul more mournful than the sighing of the wind through the pines. It is the soul's awakening in the

presence of its own infamy; it is self-loathing; it is self-disgust.

Would you know something of the intensity of its punishment? Observe the figures that are employed. He is represented as being in flames. He is sending a message to Father Abraham, saying: "Let Lazarus come with a drop of water to cool my parched tongue." These statements are not to be accepted literally.

You have here the agony of a tormented conscience.

Victor Hugo says somewhere that there is a spectacle grander than the ocean, it is the conscience; there is a spectacle grander than the sky, it is the interior of the soul; it is the tendency of the soul to revert to an ideal, as it is the tendency of the sea to flow shoreward. That tendency in the sea is called the tide; that tendency in the culprit is called remorse. God heaves the soul as an ocean.

What is remorse? It seems to me that an approximate definition would be this: It is the soul face to face with its own sin, stripped of all glamour and illusions, looking at that sin in its naked deformity, with all its awful and hideous features. We do not see sin in this life stripped of its adornments. When it is absolutely freed from all the glamour which this world throws around it, and we recognize it as our own, the product of our own soul, there is no

deeper damnation than to feel that one is capable of producing such a thing.

Would you analyze this punishment? Then look more closely into the trouble and you will perceive, in the first place, that you have here the pain of memory. Memory is either a fiend or an angel, either a benediction or a curse. To the rich man it was a curse. Abraham said to him: "Son, remember." If when death shall come to the sinner he could only forget, if all the record could then and there be erased, then, believe me, very much of the bitterness of hell would be destroyed. What did this rich man remember? So far as the record informs us, he was not a gambler, he was not a murderer, he was not a thief, he was not a drunkard. No doubt he was completely and wholly respectable. He was simply loveless. He lived for himself and thought for himself—for himself, and none beside. If he had done some kind deed, then to the extent of the influence of that kind deed the pain of hell would have been lessened. Do you remember that legend which represents an old saint traveling northward, and, discovering Judas Iscariot on an iceberg, the saint said to Judas: "How does it happen that you have been given this brief respite from your misery?" And Judas made answer: "A long time ago in a Joppa street I cast a cloak

around the miserable form of a robber, and an angel has come bidding me remember the deed, and saying that in view of that deed this moment of freedom from pain should be granted."

My friends, I do not believe that the bitterness of hell will consist so much in the memory of some one luminous, clearly-marked crime as in the memory of a wasted life, the memory of sin that practice has burned into the blood. This is part of the pain of hell. Or again, we are taught that there is a pain of incapacity. Those from yonder side cannot pass to the hither side. Mark you, they cannot pass, not because God has withdrawn his mercy, but because the the soul has destroyed through sin its capacity to receive mercy. Can Iago repent? Can Mephistopheles repent? Can Judas Iscariot repent? If they could and would repent, the smile of God would break out from heaven upon them in hell. Mark you, it is the tendency of character to become permanent, and when that fixed and permanent moral state has been reached, there is no capacity for repentance, even though an angel should stand before the sinner and preach the everlasting gospel of the Son of God.

That is the most awful thought in connection with Jesus' doctrine of hell. Have you ever had the nightmare? Do you know what it is to feel the danger, the dread, the terror, and to be able only to moan and to groan, ut-

terly powerless to move hand or foot? There is such a thing as moral incapacity, when the soul cannot will that which is right, when the affections cannot be set on those things which are holy, when the perverted desires invariably take the way from God and from truth and from righteousness. Paul speaks of the Gentile world, a portion of it as having come to that moral condition when it could be said that they were past feeling, the power of sensibility destroyed.

The third element which enters into this punishment is that of conscious desert. If one is suffering and knows himself to be suffering unjustly, that thought takes away something of the pain, but if one knows himself to be suffering justly, that no single stroke of sorrow is laid upon him which he does not deserve, there is in this thought—the consciousness that the punishment is just, that which adds to the pain and the misery and the anguish of it. Abraham reminds the rich man of this fact: "You in your lifetime," he says, "had your good things and Lazarus evil things. Now thou art tormented and he is comforted." It is absolute, inexorable justice.

I believe, friends, that if we are saved it will be absolute justice, plus mercy, because the soul has the capacity to receive mercy. I believe that if we are lost it will be absolute justice

without mercy, because the soul has lost the capacity to receive mercy.

In all that I have said there is no reflection upon the moral character of God. God is love. Nor is there in the fact of future punishment, as has been represented to you, anything inconsistent with that love. For, mark you, the hell which I have been describing is that of the sinner. It is he who kindles the fire; it is he who builds the walls of his dungeon; it is he who writes over the gateway of his prison home: "He who enters here leaves hope behind." The man is responsible for his own doom. There is nothing arbitrary here, but only that which is necessary. If I should cast from my hand a stone, by virtue of its weight and the law of gravitation, it would sink to the earth. If I should allow to escape from my hand a bird, the law governing the bird and that law enabling it to contravene the law of gravitation, would make it rise into the blue. Each soul goes to its own place—the place that it fits—and none other. If a soul is weighted by sin, it goes down in harmony with the law of its perverted nature. If a soul is winged with righteousness, it soars upward into the presence of God in harmony with the law which governs a regenerated and redeemed spirit. There is no cruelty here. It is the law of affinity carried out to its

completest and most perfect expression. The goats go to the goats. the sheep go to the sheep.

Take a wicked man and place him in a heavenly environment, and he would be in hell. Take a good man and place him in an infernal environment, and in the nature of the case there could be no peace, no happiness.

Is there a hell? Ask the man who has lived for himself, whose heart through neglect of love and sympathy has become a bloodless valve, whose soul through perversion of its powers has been robbed of its royal attributes, ask him if he doubts the reality of the doctrine of hell. Ask the man who has outraged honor through animalism or crime. As he finds himself no longer able to enjoy friendship, as he recognizes that his susceptibility to beauty has been destroyed, as he no longer finds pleasure in self-communion, ask him if he believes in the reality of hell. Ask the murderer, who hears articulate voices in a chamber in which there is no human presence, who discovers witnesses of his awful crime in stones and trees and running brooks, who cries with Lady Macbeth moaning in her sleep: "Out, accursed spot; out, accursed spot!" ask him if there be a hell.

Let history unroll the long annals of her crimes, and as she introduces us to Herod or Nero or Caligula, let us ask the meaning of her record

and see if she can tell her history in other than in letters of fire. The literature of the tormented conscience furnishes us with all that is essential to the doctrine of hell—that literature from Æschylus to Hawthorne, from Shakespeare to George Eliot, proves to us it is hell begun. Macbeth plus eternity is equal to hell. The laws which govern a perverted soul here are not changed there. Sin plus eternity equals hell.

Friends, it is an awful doctrine. I have spoken to you long enough; I want to throw over against the dark picture the fair vision of the Son of Man, the Savior of sinners, concerning whom it may evermore be said: "Nor is there aught more fair than is the smile upon his face." I remember that he came all the way from heaven to earth to rescue his brothers from this awful doom of which I have been speaking, for there is no escape from hell save through escape from sin. Jesus stands before the door of every human soul asking for admission, but he will not force an entrance. If men could be saved by force, then God would save them by force, but since men are spirits they can be saved only as they shall give their free and full and voluntary consent. God's love is impotent in the presence of an obstinate will. The appeal of the old prophet is the appeal which comes ringing down through the ages and the

centuries: "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will you die, O House of Israel?" And another, in language more tender than music, more pathetic than any wail of sorrow which ever broke upon mortal ear, gives forth these words, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often I would have gathered you together as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, but ye would not." May I say it reverently, God is limited in the exercise of his grace. May I say it reverently, long as are the arms of the cross, there are souls it can never reach in time or eternity. May God save any man to whom I speak to-night from such a doom as this.

XVI

"THE ALL CONQUERING NAME."

"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name." PHILIPPIANS 2:9.

The name of Jesus is pre-eminent. It is solitary in its grandeur and significance. It is not found on any list of immortals. It occupies a place of its own. It is not a star in earth's galaxy of greatness. It is the central luminary. It has conquered its primacy. It has won its exalted position through inherent worth and actual achievement. Every honor accorded to it is the result of actual conquest. The attempt to minimize this name or to place it on an equality with the great names of earth is waste of time and energy. As well endeavor to level the mountains with a breath or to bring within the compass of your own seeing heaven's infinite dome. True it is that we think of Jesus in the company of earth's great ones. But if we must accord him an appellation that shall be worthy of his dignity we can only exclaim in the words of Simon Peter, who spoke for the whole apos-

tolic school: "Thou art the Christ, the S n of the living God."

Shall we look for another? Shall Jesus ever be superseded? Is the man of Nazareth a finality? Shall there come one in some future age who shall surpass and transcend him? If you can conceive of that which is higher than the highest, if you can think of a glory greater than the concentrated splendor of the sun and stars, then we may be prepared to think of some greater figure who shall fill the world's thought and life. Until then we can but sing, with passionate conviction and intense earnestness:

> "Whatever idol I have known, whate'er that idol be,
> Help me to tear it from its throne and worship only thee."

I shall bring to you at this time a recital of facts. I shall not invade the realm of theology and philosophy. I challenge any man to deny the facts concerning Jesus of Nazareth to which his attention shall be directed. If these facts are true then the Son of Mary has a claim upon your life and allegiance that is imperative and peremptory. I am here to exalt the Christ in harmony with the affirmation made by the inspired writer that his name is above every name.

The name of Jesus, in the first place, is preeminent in the realm of moral character. Other

names are associated with saintliness. His name alone is synonymous with moral perfection. How shall we explain this? I am aware of the fact that it is the tendency of the human mind to idealize its heroes, and that the great men who belong to the historic and heroic past have been transfigured by the imagination until they have been clothed on with excellences which they never actually possessed. But in this process of idealization centuries have been necessary to bring about the result. No such crown as that which Washington wears to-day would be his had not these years passed away during which time the thoughts of men have gradually and slowly and most unconsciously glorified the first president of our republic. A remarkable fact in connection with Jesus of Nazareth is to be found in the truth that his contemporaries exalted him in language which has never been transcended by future ages and generations. It is a remarkable fact demanding explanation that the man of Galilee should have been placed by his contemporaries upon a pedestal so high that the thoughts of men in this twentieth century have not been able to lift him higher. Even those who refuse to Jesus of Nazareth their allegiance say concerning him that he is the highest among all holy men, and that between him and whomsoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison.

In speaking of him there fall from their pens ruby commas, pearl full stops and emerald semicolons; there can be no figures too splendid to employ in their exaltation of this magnificent character.

If it be true that Jesus Christ in his moral character is immune from criticism, it follows, apart altogether from his miracles, that he is what he claimed to be, the Son of God, for what is divinity but perfect holiness? If God were the devil clothed on with all the attributes of omnipotence and omniscience he would be only an omnipotent devil, or an omniscient devil. Power does not make him God; omniscience does not make him God. He is God because of his moral attributes, his perfect holiness. Granted that Jesus Christ is without fault or blemish, granted that the testimony even of those who refuse allegiance to him, be true, it follows that he is divine, for moral perfection equals deity. There can be nothing higher than moral perfection. The name of Jesus Christ is synonymous with moral perfection. What can we do, my friends, in the presence of this white Christ, except to bow before him and cry out even as Thomas: "My Lord and my God!"

Again, the name of Jesus is above every other name in the realm of sacrifice. I do not deny that others have suffered and toiled for the

world's advancement. I remember that all progress has been by the way of Gethsemanes and Calvarys. I know that the way of human life, in so far as human life has been moving upward to God, has been a thorn path. Unknown heroes have perished for the sake of making the day just a little brighter, and the world to come, the future world of time, just a little more splendid. Others have died upon the cross besides Jesus Christ. The Appian Way was lined with crosses. Wherein is he supreme in the realm of sacrifice? His sacrifice is unique because he himself is unique. Granted this same perfection and there must be a vividness in the suffering that cannot be experienced by the imperfect. The man who is in possession of strong physical powers, in perfect health, suffers more than he who is diseased. Think of a perfect soul, white from the touch of an infinite God, placed in the midst of an imperfect environment, misunderstood, misrepresented and maligned—think of such a soul, and you shall understand that there must have been a keenness in his agony beyond the reach of our imagination to understand. The highest cross that has ever been lifted up in this world is the cross on that green hill outside the city's wall. From that spirit has proceeded the spirit of self-sacrifice which has so dominated the world as that we interpret all splendid, heroic

achievements in terms of the blood of him who died upon the cross.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigured you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
For God is marching on."

Who can tell the thousands of lives that have been made patient because they have gazed upon him of the thorn crown? Who can tell of the thousands of brave deeds that have been done under the inspiration of him who was lifted up in order that he might draw all men unto himself? Back of the most brilliant achievements, achievements that have bettered the world, has been the spirit of the crucified Christ. No face has ever been so marred as his, and yet that marred face is more beautiful than can ever be described by the painter's imagination, however earnest his effort to throw it upon the canvas in order that men may see in that one picture all sights in one, all glory in one supreme and splendid expression. Jesus is pre-eminent in the realm of sacrifice.

Once more, the name of Jesus has been placed above every other name in the realm of intellect. He never painted a picture. He never enunciated a scientific dictum. He never gave to the world a single mechanical invention. He never wrote a book. He wasn't what you call in this age and generation a scholar. His su-

premacy is not pleaded for in the realm of science, in the realm of invention, in the realm of physical achievements, but his intellectual supremacy is discerned in the fact that he alone of all the world's religious leaders discovered the human soul, interpreted that soul unto men, explained its longings and its aspirations, recognized its needs and its possibilities and lifted it up to its proper eminence, so that for one to think of himself as a man made in the image of God is to think of man as little lower than God here and having within him possibilities that shall presently bring him unto the perfect image of the Son of God.

Marvelous, indeed, is the reign of Christ in the realm of the soul. His words are endorsed by universal consciousness. When he speaks, men say, with the scribe of old: "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth." When his word comes to us in the form of some gracious invitation we suddenly discover music in ourselves that we never dreamed of. When that word comes to us in the form of condemnation we come to hate ourselves because of the sin that has been revealed. When that word comes in the form of some lofty ideal bidding us leap forward to claim it, it seems that our strength is as the strength of ten.

Mark in proof of his intellectual supremacy

the note of certainty in all of his utterances. Jesus is never tentative; he is never timid. His touch is always bold. When he speaks of God it is as one who has come from God. When he speaks of the spiritual world it is as one who has lived and breathed the atmosphere of that spiritual world. He speaks not as the scribes, but in a tone of absolute assurance. He never doubts. How shall we explain this? And, furthermore, his words command us. We can no more get away from the words of Jesus Christ than we can get away from our own souls. When you have once gazed upon a magnificent painting, if there is in you artistic appreciation you shall never get from under the spell of it; it holds you, it dominates you, it commands you, and all else is as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine. Get before you a grand, glorious, splendid conception, a thought that fills every nook and corner of your being, and evermore you are a slave to that conception. It holds you; you are mastered. Jesus Christ has come into this world and he has laid his mind upon the centuries through which his spirit has passed, and that mind is laid upon the twentieth century no less surely and certainly than upon the first century. We think in terms of Christian thought. When we speak of home his spirit is there or it is no

home. When we speak of marriage, Jesus is once again at the wedding feast, even though he be not there as a physical presence to convert the water into wine. When we speak of childhood we hear the music from the long ago breathing upon us in dulcet tones sweeter than any note of flute and sublimer than the grandest peal of organ: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

We are under the spell of Jesus Christ, however materialistic our age. I do not say that all of our civilization is permeated with an appreciation of his character, but I do mean to say that you cannot date a letter without recognizing his birth; you cannot write 1905 without admitting that something extraordinary happened about 2,000 years ago. You cannot get away from Jesus Christ. Here is intellectual supremacy that must be explained.

And he is supreme in the realm of leadership. Splendid have been the leaders of the world in their respective fields of activity. Shakespeare is pre-eminent in the realm of dramatic genius. Darwin, perhaps, is pre-eminent in the realm of science. Plato unquestionably is pre-eminent in the realm of philosophy. Alexander or Napoleon is pre-eminent in the realm of military science, but Jesus Christ, while claiming for himself leadership in the moral realm alone

because of the intimate relation between moral and all other life, leads mankind in every department of thought and endeavor.

He to-day is the dominant spirit in literature. Very recently a most admirable address was delivered by Dr. Henry Van Dyke in which he uses this language: "I read in Shakespeare the majesty of the moral law, in Victor Hugo the sacredness of childhood, in Goethe the glory of renunciation, in Wordsworth the joy of humility, in Tennyson the triumph of immortal love, in Browning the courage of faith in God, in Thackeray the ugliness of hypocrisy and the beauty of forgiveness, in George Eliot the supremacy of duty, in Dickens the divinity of kindness, and in Ruskin the dignity of service. Irving teaches me the lesson of simple-hearted cheerfulness, Hawthorne shows me the hatefulness of sin and the power of penitence, Longfellow gives me the soft music of tranquil hope and earnest endeavor, Lowell makes me feel that we must give ourselves to our fellow men if we would bless them, and Whittier sings to me of human brotherhood and divine Fatherhood. Are not these Christian lessons?"

Who inspired them? Whose spirit do they express? Of whose character are they the ultimate analysis? Jesus Christ is back of all tenderness and all courage and all purity and all self-sacrifice and all that has glorified and trans-

figured our civilization, of which literature is but the outward and visible expression.

Among the world's reformers are we not to recognize the leadership of Jesus Christ? Who put into the heartof Luther to nail those theses on the church door of Wittenberg? Who stirred and fired the soul of Savonarola until he smote vice with whips of cord and startled Lorenzo in his magnificence, and led that great and mighty man in his dying hour to send for the humble preacher of righteousness? To the extent that Oliver Cromwell brought about the spirit of liberty in the world, we say that back of his armies was the Captain of our salvation, stirring the hearts of men with his mighty truth of liberty and leading them onward and forward to a higher and nobler and better and grander day. We have pictures of great thinkers, of statesmen, of soldiers surrounded by their coterie of admirers, those whom the hand of the mighty man has touched. Irving is represented as seated among his friends with his genial countenance beaming upon the happy company. Henry Clay is seen surrounded by the friends of his political circle. I was thinking this afternoon of the sort of circle there would be gathered about the Man of Galilee if some artist could be found who might have gazed actually upon the face of Jesus of Nazareth, and should have transmitted that face for some future

painter to retouch and enlarge and glorify. Let us imagine him placed here in the center of the circle of the world's leaders, and Jesus Christ himself would be so large in the mighty power of his influence that he could not be crowded on any canvas by the mightiest utterance of genius, and certainly the circles of those whose lives he has influenced would be left entirely outside of the circumference of such a canvas.

Friends, I want you to feel that Jesus Christ is not dead and buried. I want you to understand that he sleeps in no sepulchre; that long ago he came forth from the tomb prepared for him through the friendship of Joseph of Arimathea; that he is moving across the ages and centuries; that to-day he is the dominant spirit in literature, in science, in all the world of endeavor and achievement, and that we can take up the strain and say over and over that our Christ is leading on.

But now, in conclusion, let me ask what it will mean for mankind when Jesus Christ shall come into his own, when he shall claim his rights? It is his right to reign, and he shall reign until every enemy has been put beneath his feet. When that reign shall have become a realized fact we may be sure that whatever is denominated secular shall become sacred. We say of certain pursuits that they are secular, and of certain other pursuits that they are sacred. What

are secular pursuits but those that are divorced from the dominance of the Spirit of God? Every business that is animated by the spirit of truth and righteousness is a sacred business. No man is helping to make this world a little better, in whatever line of effort he may be giving his energies, who is not engaged in as sacred an endeavor as the preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and when the Christ-spirit shall come to be the dominant spirit in business, in political life, in all of our endeavor, there shall be no secular, for the Christ shall preside over all. And then the dreams of poets and of seers shall come true. Then the prayer that the ages have been praying shall come true: "Thy kingdom come." It is as a moan from the first century; it goes up as a cry all along through the generations. Every man who has been trying to make the world better has been breathing silently or audibly the prayer, "Thy kingdom come." Oh, God, hasten the day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Sometimes it seems that the prayer will break out into a jubilant strain of victory and then it dies away in a pathetic moan, but so sure as Jesus Christ lives and reigns, so sure the day shall come when that prayer shall be answered, and all kings shall bow before his crown, and all nations shall recognize him as Lord.

The All Conquering Name

I believe in the ultimate and final supremacy of righteousness. I believe that this name which is above every name shall come into its own rights bye and bye; that every tongue shall confess, that every knee shall bow before him, that all the world shall, willingly or unwillingly, acknowledge him as Lord and Christ. Jesus Christ is no figure of speech. He is no character of fiction. He is here in the world now to demand his rights. You cannot get away from him. He owns you. He has paid for you. He has justified every claim which he makes upon you. Give him your love, willingly and joyously, and help us to sing that song over and over:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

XVII

THE CASTAWAY

"And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord." GEN. 4:16.

It is difficult for us to realize in thought a period of time when the first stars shone and the first flowers bloomed. Our text carries us back to that remote past when man had but just arrived and Eden was an experience as recent as yesterday. The dew had but just fallen and the world was fresh from the plastic touch of the Creator's hands. It is against this background of a lost but still fresh Paradise, the new sky overarching a new earth, that the dark figure of Cain stands—the first murderer. Pathetic is the contrast between the freshness of the world and the doomed castaway. We are listening to heaven's first sentence upon the first criminal in the awful words: "A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth." We are listening to a deliverance sadder than the moan of the sea, in the simple statement of our text: "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord."

The glory has departed, the dew has dried on the grass, the stars have faded; it is night, and we hear the moan of a soul in anguish.

What are our impressions as we get this view of the first crime? How does murder look in the fresh light of the early morning of time? Does sin seem less repulsive or excusable before it has become familiar and commonplace? Does it entail less or different suffering? Is evil monstrous in itself, or does it seem to us an innocent pastime prior to the birth of civilization?

It shall be our purpose in this sermon to show that the story of Cain is the story of every criminal; that crime to-day has the same fallen countenance and wrathful mien as the crime of him who slew his brother; that the passing centuries and civilizations have not made sin less heinous or changed its inevitable consequences; that the spiritual penalty affixed to sin is no arbitrary appointment inflicted in the beginning and since withdrawn, but that it is the penalty involved in the very nature and constitution of the soul.

Statutory laws with their penalties come and go, but the laws governing the human soul are as unchanging and unchangeable as the soul itself. Let us consider, then, the sin of Cain.

The specific crime was murder, but the specific deed was only the lightning flash from a moral atmosphere surcharged with willfulness

and sullen discontent. A wicked heart is back of that blow which stained the fresh earth with a brother's blood. It was no sin of sudden passion. It was the culmination of a life estranged from love. In the story of the sacrifice offered by the two brothers it is made evident that the character of Cain is the explanation of the crime of Cain. Back of all great sins is the untrained, undisciplined and neglected soul. Murder may be done in a moment, but long years of bad living have been laying the mine preparatory to the explosion. No man becomes a criminal in an hour. The hot brief hour only serves to give ripened expression to the long practice of evil. It is—

> The little rift within the lute
> That by and by will make the music mute,
> And, ever widening, slowly silence all.

The gradual evolution of sin in a human soul, slowly unfolding its evil life in manifold forms until it reaches its flower in some great crime, is a spectacle fit to make the angels weep; yet it is a commonplace occurrence; it is a familiar tragedy. It awakens sufficient interest, if the crime be glaring, to justify the extra issue of a newspaper, but on the morrow it is forgotten. What has happened? A great crime has been perpetrated, but that crime reveals the wreck of a whole nature. It is a lost soul upon which

we are gazing; and what language, my friends, is adequate to describe all the tragedy that is involved in the phrase, a lost soul—lost, it may be, for time and eternity?

As illustrating the unchanging character of the penalty attached to sin, let us consider the consequences of the crime of Cain. It is an old story, and whether told by Shakespeare or the Bible, has the same features so far as life is concerned. The story of Macbeth does not differ in the slightest particular from the story of Cain. I need not say to you that there is no gladness in crime.

> "All music dies, as in a grove, all song
> Beneath the shadow of some bird of prey."

Tragedy has no fellowship with the cap and bells; the only laughter which the guilty soul hears is its scornful laugh at itself.

> "A murmur of misery comes from the ground,
> And the dirge of the soul is in every sound."

Cain stands before us pitiable in his abject wretchedness. We hear him moaning, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." In what does this punishment consist? There was no criminal code; no decalogue had been thundered from Sinai; there was no law against murder; there was no external penalty that could possibly be inflicted upon him based upon statutory enactment. In what does his punishment consist? It is to be discovered in his own

soul; it is self-loathing; it is the conscious stain of crime; it is the anguish of an immortal spirit. He could say in very truth: "Which way I flee am hell, myself am hell." He hears a voice. Does it come from the blue sky? Does it proceed from any human person? What was that voice but the inner voice which sounds in the soul of every sinner? What message does it bring to him other than that which it brings to every man who has outraged his nature? It was the voice of God. It was the voice of conscience, and, very properly, Cain identifies the voice of his own conscience with the voice of God.

It is not within the province of this sermon to enter the realm of moral philosophy and to discuss the nature and functions of conscience. Suffice it to say that conscience is the soul's recognition of its high origin. Its quick resentment of evil is proof that sin is no part of an original endowment; its pain and its protest alike are declarations of the fact that we are made in the image of the eternal God.

"For good ye are and bad and like to coins, some true, some bad, but all of ye stamped with the image of the King."

It is the divine in man protesting against the outrage of divinity. It feels sin as an insult to royalty, as a degradation of that which was once fair and beautiful.

Be it remembered, my friends, that conscience is an original endowment of the soul. It is not the product of civilization; it is not the result of a long course of moral training. Cain represents the primitive man before the arts and sciences had been born, before civilization had dawned, before any than the simplest moral conceptions had been presented. The primitive man represented by Cain has a conscience that causes him to writhe in his agony and to moan in his misery. Whenever that voice is stilled in a human soul there is a state close approaching to total depravity; it is spiritual death, it is deep damnation.

What does this voice of conscience say to Cain and to every sinner? It says: "You shall not forget." Cain hears the voice of inquiry: "Where is thy brother?" In vain does he protest his ignorance; in vain does he make answer: "Am I my brother's keeper?" His crime has become incorporate with nature, the blood of his brother cries out from the ground. He can no more get away from his crime than he can get away from himself. Our sins have a habit of asking us disagreeable questions. They will not allow us to forget. They ask: "Where is thy slain honor, where are the ideals and enthusiasms that were once a source of inspiration and power? Where is the tender grace of a day that is dead? What has become of opportuni-

ties that once stood as the fair angels of God in your pathway beckoning you to higher and nobler aims? Where is Abel, thy brother, slain duty, slain honor, slain purity, slain ideals?" Thy curse shall be to think.

> To zones tho' more and more remote,
> Still, still pursues, where'er you be,
> The blight of life, the demon thought.

This voice of conscience, furthermore, says to every sinner, as it said to Cain, the ground is cursed. Nothing can be as it was before. It is a new world upon which the criminal looks, with all its glory departed, and every star that looks down upon him from high heaven is an eye of fire looking through and through him thoroughly to undo him. A writer of fiction has this to say: "Blaspheme God, if you will; despise God, if you choose; do all the evil in the world that you desire to do, and yet the moonlight as it comes from the skies will shine no less brightly upon you than upon me and will conduct both of us to our quiet homes."

Not so have we read the recorded experience of a criminal. On the contrary, nature becomes antagonistic and the world rises up in arms, and that which once was beautiful is now monstrous. There is for him no landscape touched with the glory of God, but it is all transformed by the flaming fire of hell. Victor Hugo more admirably and truthfully describes

the soul condition of the criminal in that wonderful dream of Jean Valjean. There is a spot which the great author describes as a place where children gathered lilacs in the springtime; the man dreams he is contemplating crime and in anticipation of his crime; what is the result? The houses that are near by are ashen; the landscape is treeless and ashen; the skies are leaden; the flowers are all withered. Ah, my friends, if you want to change this earth, beautiful under the touch of God's sunlight, into a very blazing hell, you have only to stain your hands with blood or your soul with crime. "Then come the mist and the weeping rain, and life is never the same again."

Or, again, conscience says: "You are banished, a fugitive, and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth." Does this mean no more than physical punishment? When we are told that Cain went out from the presence of the Lord are we to understand no deeper spiritual meaning than that he walked away into some far distant and remote country? What is this banishment but the soul's conscious separation from God, and from holiness, and from all things true and noble and beautiful? The sentence of banishment is written upon his own soul, and an external voice could only confirm it. There are men in every community to whom all doors

are open, to whom all hands are outstretched, upon whom rests the smile of favor and prosperity, and yet they know themselves to be moral outcasts, and they do not need to await any sentence from the final judgment bar to recognize the fact that already they are fugitives and vagabonds on the earth. You cannot get away from the verdict of a guilty soul. It is that which banishes you; it is that which closes the doors of heaven against you; it is that which drives you out seeking for peace, for comfort, anywhere—anywhere.

But why should I narrate so familiar a story? There is no deliverance, my friends, from the consequences of sin, save by laying hold of the offered life of the Son of God, who can give to you the necessary power to conquer sin and to rise triumphant over evil. Take away the gospel of Jesus Christ and the awful representation of Omar Khayyam is absolute truth: "We are walking in a world in which as we look up, there is only the brazen sky, and as we cry to it, we say to ourselves, 'It cannot help, it has no hand that can be outstretched; it cannot show mercy.'" Unless there be a forgiving God somewhere in the universe we may as well give ourselves over to despair—to absolute, irrevocable despair.

But, in conclusion, you may be ready to ask, why speak of the crime of Cain, what possible

fellowship can there be between the murderer and ourselves, we the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time? Will you hear the unpleasant and awful truth? Every man of us is a possible Cain. There is in every one of us a tendency to do evil, a bias to evil. Theologians call it by the big word, peccability. It is the downward pull, it is that tendency which makes temptation dangerous even to the saint; it is that tendency out of which have developed all of the sinners and criminals who have dishonored human nature and stained the pages of history. In Cain you behold your nature, distorted and perverted; in Abel you behold that nature subject to the will of God. It is the same human nature; sin makes the difference.

Hawthorne reminds us that the kindly companion who smiles upon us in the quiet fire of the grate is he who has come roaring out of Ætna, climbing the sky like some fiend let loose from torment and fighting his way to a seat among the upper angels. It is the same fire in the grate and in the volcano. Our human nature is the same. Bring it under the touch of the Divine and it shall realize the divine purposes; leave it to its own reckless aims and pursuits, and you have not only a possible Cain, but you have in that nature all of the possibilities of evil concerning which his-

tory speaks. Who shall save us from ourselves? Where can deliverance be found? Will intellectual gifts suffice? Cain was a man of intellectual resources; he was a man of affairs; he had the genius of administration; we are told he built a city; if he had been a modern man he would have been a captain of industry. He was fitted to exercise mental sway over great enterprises and pursuits; yet Cain becomes a murderer. What does the story of Byron and of Edgar Allan Poe and of Robert Burns tell us? This, namely, that genius is powerless to stay the passions of man; that intellectual gifts, however magnificent, cannot control human nature that in its very constitution is bent towards evil. There must be a higher power or we are lost. Will spiritual privileges save us? We are informed that Cain, no less than Abel, talked with God. To the one man the voice of God in his soul was life and inspiration and power; in the other man it only awakened rebellion and resentment. Spiritual privileges unused, or used improperly, result in a curse. I call to mind Capernaum, exalted unto heaven, because of its splendid spiritual privileges, having fellowship with the Son of God; and yet Capernaum is thrust down into hell. Spiritual privileges unused will not save us.

Will a splendid physical civilization suffice? Cain foreshadows that civilization, and it is

the line of Cain that gives to us music, architecture and the fine arts; yet, according to the record, as the world advances in its pursuit of these things that were so helpful and beneficial, separated from God, separated from any thought of God, the result is a race so wicked that God sweeps them from the face of the earth. Who shall save us? Where shall deliverance be found?

We have had during the summer in our beautiful city of Louisville, an epidemic of crime. The number of murders has been appalling. What can stay the hand of the murderer? What can check the passion of the libertine? What power can keep crime imprisoned and suppressed? Imagine an ideal mayor, an ideal judiciary, and an ideal company of City Fathers, an ideal force of police, every man of whom is a Christian, what would be the result? Changed external conditions; only that. We should have what we ought to have, crime suppressed; we should have external conditions admirable in their character; we should have that which every good citizen has a right to expect from the city administration.

But, friends, only symptoms have been dealt with. Crime can never be eradicated by any ideal set of circumstances; it can only be conquered by the incorporation of the divine life into society and into the individual, and that

means that the gospel of Jesus Christ is no mere theory brought forth for your intellectual consideration. It means that the gospel of Jesus Christ is indispensable to the redemption of society. I am thinking of a city described for us by the seer of Patmos, and he says of that city, no murderer walks its streets, no impure person soils by his presence its beautiful environments, nothing that is unholy enters therein, and I ask the question: How does it happen that you have got such a good city here; what is the explanation of the absence of crime; how does it happen it has no jails; what is the meaning of this serenity and of this peace? And there comes back the answer which is woven as a golden thread into every message of the gospel of the Son of God: "Unto him who loves us and gave himself for us—unto him be glory and honor and dominion and power." It is the secret of redemptive love, and, my friends, until the Christ, in some fashion, lays hold of the individual, there is no safety for him; until the Christ, in some fashion, is incorporated into human society, there is no redemption for human society. Let us execute our laws by all means, let us hold our public officials to a strict public account, by all means, but let us lift up our eyes unto the hills, for unless the Lord deliver the city, then those who try to set it free from crime struggle in vain.

May the blessing of God rest upon this message as it has been brought to you, and may we understand that for us there is no safety even from the crime of Cain, save as we lay hold of the pierced hand of the Man of Calvary.

XVIII

IS THERE A HEAVEN?

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." JOHN 14:1.

It is not within the province of this sermon to consider the etymological significance of the term "heaven" or to study its various uses in Bible literature. It would seem almost incongruous to approach our subject in any other spirit than that of quick susceptibility to whatever is true and beautiful and good. One needs to be a poet rather than a critic in dealing with a theme that is associated with the fragrance of flowers, the inspiration of music, the majesty of royalty and the dazzling radiance of precious stones. In describing the life of future blessedness, even the inspired writers are lost in wonder, love and praise. It is ineffable splendor, it is unutterable joy, it is all sights in one; it is fragrance and music and color and light in glorious confusion of imagery. "Eye hath not

seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for those that love him." If human speech cannot compass the glory of earth and sea and sky, it is not strange that human speech should be inadequate in describing the glories of eternity. Is heaven a reality? If there be a future life, and goodness is blessedness yonder as here, then heaven is a certainty. It is no dream that well-doing brings its reward of peace and joy in this present life. If, therefore, the soul be immortal, then its laws do not change, and heaven for the good is inevitable. To those who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, honor and immortality, eternal life is a necessary consequence.

Let us understand that heaven is no arbitrary bestowment of the palm and crown. It comes to those who shall receive it in strict accord with the law of cause and effect. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap—that and not something else. Well-doing is the seed, eternal life is the harvest, and the harvest is involved in the seed. Jesus plainly teaches that in the bestowment of future reward there is no principle of favoritism. Seats of honor are accorded to those for whom they have been prepared, and they have been prepared for those who through service and suffering have

wrought a character that shall fit them for this eminence.

But, it may be asked, if heaven be involved in character, if heaven be contained in goodness, as the fragrance is contained in the flower, if heaven be the outworking of righteousness in a human soul, then what becomes of our doctrine of salvation by grace? If heaven for the good be inevitable, then what room is there for grace? The question is easily answered. The grace of God is manifest in the gift of Jesus Christ, who makes possible the righteousness. The grace of God is displayed in the divine love that turns the powers of the soul towards the good. The grace of God is discerned in the rich provisions of the gospel which are the conditions of that spiritual life from which the heavenly experience is evolved. Because the eye can but see in the presence of the light, or the ear can but hear when the sound smites it, is the grace of God minimized by this marvelous adaptation of the ear to sound and the eye to light? Shall we conclude that there is no room for the divine grace in an arrangement in which the effect follows upon the cause as the night follows upon the day? I do not see how it is possible for one to study natural law and to observe the unerring and uniform procedure of that law without believ-

ing in the Divine goodness. If this were a world of chance and random, then we should be the victims of both nature and our own souls. It is because law is uniform, it is because effect follows upon cause, that we know when to sow and when to reap. Likewise God has so constituted the soul of man that life shall follow upon obedience; that death shall follow upon disobedience; that happiness shall be involved in character; that heaven shall come after holiness, and that holiness shall hold within itself heaven.

But there are curious and inquisitive minds that come to us with the inquiry, where is heaven? Is it beyond the sunset's radiant glow? Is it somewhere within the great universe with which the telescope of the astronomer has made us familiar? Is it some world that shall bye and bye break upon the vision of the man who is studying the stars? Where is heaven? Let us answer the question by asking other questions. Can you locate in space an experience? Can you place physical boundaries about love and beauty? Can you describe joy in terms of longitude and latitude? It seems to me that we are justified in the assertion that heaven is located in the soul of the Christian; in the growing intimacy of the soul with the divine; in the experience of the soul as it advances in spiritual life. Heaven, therefore, is

no distant blessedness. We begin heavenly life here and now. We enter into the joy of our Lord so soon as we begin to live the life of our Lord. The old song hath it right:

> The hill of Zion yields
> A thousand sacred sweets,
> Before we reach the heavenly fields,
> Or walk the golden streets.

And does not our Lord remind us that this is eternal life—and the emphasis is upon the present tense—that we should know God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent? As Columbus knew that land was near when he discerned the things that belonged to land, so we know that we have passed into the confines of the heavenly world when we begin to feel the throb and thrill of a heavenly experience.

But you still persist in your query, and would like to know if heaven be not a place. Jesus says: "I go to prepare a place for you." Immediately Thomas begins to think of a place like Palestine, and so he responds: "We know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" Is this place of which you speak measurable and visible? Is it far or near? In what direction does it lie? Are there any mountains that intervene between this present place and the yonder place? You will observe that Thomas had the materialistic conception of heaven. And what does Jesus say? He makes

answer virtually in these words: "The place of which I am speaking has never been seen by the eye of sense. The path which leads thitherward has never been trodden by physical feet. There are no physical mountains over which you are called to go. The way to that place is my life, my character, my spirit. I am the way, I am the truth, I am the light." Heaven, therefore, is a spiritual place, and we can no more describe a spiritual place than we can describe a spiritual being. But because we cannot describe a spiritual place, it does not follow that this place is no reality. What is a spiritual environment? We know not. One thing we do know, that as the soul in this life creates its own environment, so the soul in a future life shall create its environment.

Here are two men, the one who has vision and the other who is dominated by his senses. We show to both men alike a beautiful landscape, and the man with vision sees it, and the man who is the victim of his senses sees it not. The environment in each instance is the product of the soul's life and experience. Place Macbeth in the midst of Elysian fields and there shall be for him no Elysian fields. Every flower will be stained with blood, and if there are any white presences moving across those fields they shall lift up hands of condemnation and vengeance. It matters not

where the soul, conscious of crime, may be placed, the environment of that soul can be expressed only in terms of fire and wrath and condemnation.

Likewise the soul that is in harmony with the divine, the spirit that is attuned to the infinite, sees only that which is beautiful, that which is glorious, that which is harmonious. One who has walked with God, whose soul has been in accord with heavenly things, creates just the sort of environment that is brought before us in that marvelous description of the New Jerusalem given us in the Book of Revelation. We listen to sweet music entranced; we pluck fruit from the tree of life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; we drink of the river of life whose waters are clear as crystal. We walk robed in white, which means that we are conscions of purity; we live and move and have our being in the midst of all that is splendid, all that is sublime. What does it all mean but a soul blossoming into harmony, into beauty, into glory? It is the redeemed soul looking upon its own image. It is like some lover who hears sounds which nobody else hears, who sees visions which nobody else sees, himself creating a new heaven and a new earth, made new by the presence and power of love in his own soul.

We may conclude, therefore, that whatever

sort of place heaven may be, its character, its topography, its scenery, are all determined by the character of the soul itself. You cannot see mountains unless there are heights in you; you cannot recognize wide spaces unless there are great distances in you. It is because man's soul has height and depth that he recognizes height and depth; it is because there are undiscovered sweeps of territory in human nature that we find ourselves under the spell of that which is vast, that which is far-reaching, that which is infinite.

May I remind you that we have in the Scriptures no stereotyped description of heaven? Heaven is presented to us in various ways and under various figures. It is a city, and through its streets wends no funeral procession. It is a house not made with hands. It is the Father's house of many mansions. It is the better country; and, on the other hand, it is an inheritance, imperishable, and enduring. It is a wealth of glory; it is a crown of righteousness. It would seem that the exact character of heaven is purposely left indefinite in order that each soul might find heaven to be that which that soul most needs, that for which it cries out in its weariness, and in its loneliness, and frequently in its discouragement. To the weary heaven is rest; to the afflicted heaven is the painless land; to the man who is pursuing knowledge, heaven offers opportunity

for infinite investigation; to the man who loves fellowship and social joy, heaven is a city with its multitudinous life; to the man who has been storm-beaten and who knows something of what it is to feel the glare of the noonday sun upon his head, heaven is a house offering protection and shelter and comfort. But, my friends, put together all of your aspirations in so far as these aspirations move along the lines of truth and righteousness, and the realization of those aspirations shall be heaven.

I want you to observe that the inspired writers sound notes only of spiritual joy in their description of the heavenly world. Let us pull out a few stops from the great organ of eternity, and hear the thunder roll of its mighty music. Heaven, for instance, is fellowship. It means fellowship with God and with Christ and with the spirits of just men made perfect. The joys of heaven are social joys. There is no room in heaven for the man who prefers isolation to companionship. But fellowship with the good implies spiritual harmony. Judas Iscariot and John the Apostle of Love could never have fellowship in time or eternity. Only those souls that are in accord as respects God and love and truth and righteousness can have fellowship. That does not mean that the individuality of the soul is destroyed. It is something like this. I am reminded of

a magnificently and perfectly attuned instrument, each string maintains its individuality and is going to give forth its individual note, and yet each string is so related to every other string as that when the master sweeps his fingers across, there comes forth music enchanting, delightful, inspiring, sublime. So in the future world each soul shall maintain its own distinctive character and shall be so related to every other soul, by virtue of its character, aims and affections, as that when the Great Master of us all shall touch ten thousand times ten thousand natures there shall be brought forth the splendid melody described for us in that marvelous apocalyptic vison. To my mind the thought of heaven as fellowship is full of inspiration. We shall walk and talk with the sages of the ages and the centuries agone. We shall sit down with the mighty souls who have toiled and labored in order that this old world should at last be made to blossom as the rose.

Is there any joy comparable to the joy of communing with the great, if there be longing for greatness in our souls?

Or, again, heaven is represented to us as praise, and praise is pre-eminently a spiritual experience. It is the soul that sings. It is the heart that makes melody. Gladness is a soul experience. The pages of the Apocalypse crowd the streets of the fair city with thous-

ands of white-robed choristers; they are singing a new song sweeter than any strain which has ever thrilled the inhabitants of earth. They smite their harps and shout their hallelujahs. What does it all mean but the possession of a heart so full of gratitude and a soul so entirely in accord with the divine that praise becomes a spontaneous expression, even as murmuring sound is borne from the flowing brook, or as music proceeds from the harmonious movement of the spheres? The grand old poet, Whittier, sings the song aright in those touching lines:

"No fitting ear is mine to listen,
While endless anthems rise and fall;
No curious eye is mine to measure
The pearly gates and the jasper walls;
Forgive my human words, O, Father,
I go the larger truth to prove;
Thy mercy shall transcend my longing;
I seek but love, and thou art love."

Again, heaven is described as attainment. It is the realization of the soul's powers in the direction of truth and beauty and goodness. Aspirations have folded their wings; the dream has come true; the haunting beauty which the artist could not seize in order that he might throw it upon canvas now stands before him, in all its clearness and distinctness. The mighty melody that the musician felt, but for which he could never find a proper medium of expression,

at last rings out gloriously and sublimely as a reality. Heaven means attainment. You are not to understand that the soul ceases to grow in the heavenly world: The acorn has fulfilled its life as an acorn, but it still has within its tiny form the possible oak. We begin the heavenly life within the limitation of our experience, but that experience has expansive power and shall open to the reception of larger life and larger love and larger light. We shall go on advancing throughout the endless ages of eternity; and we are hereby reminded that in the nature of the case there must be degrees of glory. Do not suppose that any one of us in this audience will take his stand immediately by the side of the Apostle Paul, that man of rock and iron in his life, that man who suffered and toiled while here, glad all the time, and who went home on a wave of victory. One star shall differ from another star in glory, yet each shall give forth its full capacity for light.

There are gradations of experience, gradations of happiness and gradations of reward. We shall be just as happy as our experience makes it possible to be, and that means attainment. And because the heavenly life represents attainment, very many, yea, all of the disciplinary measures of this life shall cease to be. We are told that there shall be no death or sor-

row or crime, not because these things are bad, not because they are out of harmony with the divine love, not because God has made a mistake in permitting them, but they shall cease to be because they shall have served their ministry. We thank God for the ministry of death here, even though our heart is wrung and the hot tears course down our cheeks. But there shall be no death there, because the development of character, in so far as this ministry could effect it, has been accomplished; for the very same reason there shall be no temple there. It is a city without a church. We need the ministry of the church here. We need its songs of praise and its prayers, but there we shall have no church, for all men shall know him, from the least to the greatest. There shall be no sea, not because the sea has not been in this natural world a beneficent ministry, but because there shall be no longer need of it for purposes of commerce, since there shall be only spiritual communion, and heart shall answer unto heart and soul shall answer unto soul, as deep answers unto deep, or as octave answers unto octave. This is the best possible world for its purpose. Its purpose is disciplinary, and when that purpose has been achieved the perfect world will burst upon our vision.

Furthermore, friends, heaven is the attain-

ment of all that the prophets have foretold, all that reformers have prayed for and worked for. There is a splendid passage, I know not all of the meaning that is involved, in which is brought before us some far off goal when Jesus Christ himself shall lay aside his authority and God shall be all in all. His mediation is necessary now and will continue to be necessary until every enemy shall be conquered, until the purpose of God concerning creation shall be fulfilled, and until that far-off goal shall be reached, toward which the whole creation moves.

To my mind the thought of heaven as service is a most satisfactory conception. When the great violinist, Remenyi, was about to die, he hugged his violin to his bosom and we are told that he made the remark: "I shall take this violin with me to heaven." The earthly instrument unquestionably shall be laid aside, but there shall be some medium for the expression of the melody in the soul. We shall continue to serve, each in harmony with his own peculiar fitness, each in harmony with his own capacity. One note that strikes me as differentiating the service of heaven from the service of earth is that it is pitched on such a large scale, the soul shall be freed from all its limitations, and, therefore, its work shall be vast, it shall move along great lines. I wish I could quote

to you the splendid poem of Kipling, but I can only call to mind a few lines in which this conception is brought out:

"Each in a separate star shall paint the thing as he sees it,
For the God of things as they are."

Here is a tremendous imagination, a man having a star for his world, a man occupying a world itself as a residence in which to do the work of eternity. Can you conceive of anything more splendid in its reach and in its sweep and in its magnificent freedom? Let us not suppose that heaven is the land of the lotus-eaters. Let us not imagine that we shall sit down never more to rise up. Let us understand that heaven is service, that heaven has its task no less than earth.

The martial note is struck when heaven is presented to us as victory. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life." One thing is certain, there is no room in heaven for the sluggard. Do you believe that the crown of righteousness spoken of by the inspired apostle is plaited in some idyllic retreat where one is listening to the murmuring brook or gazing upon scenes that suggest no strife and no conflict? That crown of righteousness, believe me, is woven of fiery experience, of the trials of life, of the heart-aches, of burdens that we bear by the grace of God. Who are these arrayed in white? They are those who have

come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb. It seems to me that in the mighty procession moving heavenward there is none to be found with the nerveless step of the indolent or indifferent; but only those who are longing for the battle, in order that they may win the victory and claim the crown.

I have been seeking in this sermon, and I come now to conclude, to put before you the spiritual conception of the heavenly world, as contradistinguished from the gross and materialistic conception. The aborigines, for instance, of our country believed that heaven lies beyond the great mountains; that beyond the great mountain there is a great river and beyond the river is a wide expanse of country and beyond that wide expanse of country is a world of water and in that world of water there are a thousand isles in which there shall be unlimited fishing and hunting throughout the unending ages. The Mohammedan believes that in the heavenly world there is a river of honey and wine flowing over beds of musk between banks of camphor; each spirit that goes into that world has numerous attendants with baskets and chalices of gold. All those who enter sit down at a splendid banquet and refresh themselves for one hundred years and at the end of one hundred years the appetite is unimpaired.

Who cares for a heaven that means gratification of the appetite? Who cares for a heaven that means simply the gratification of animal instincts and desires?

Over against this conception I place the spiritual side with its notes of fellowship and splendid companionship; the house not made with hands; the Father's house of many mansions; the inheritance; the wreath of glory; the crown of righteousness. Do you want a guide as you move thitherward? I point you to Jesus Christ. Do you want to know the way? I point you to his life. Do you want to get ready for entrance? Then begin the heavenly life here, now, and breathe something of the atmosphere that comes from the eternal hills. You can catch something of its fragrance now if you choose. You can hear something of its melody now if you are only sufficiently developed spiritually. O, the bliss of over there! O, the rapture of a soul redeemed! O, the blessedness of service, of praise, of attainment in the glory-land!

Old Bishop Wilberforce represents one as asking, "Can you tell a plain man the plain way to heaven?"

"Surely," is the answer, "turn to the right and keep straight ahead."

And no man has ever turned to the right, no man has ever dared to espouse the cause of truth

and righteousness and given himself to it with his whole heart and soul and strength, no man has ever lived the Christ life, who has not gone straight ahead, and for him the gates will be opened and the welcome plaudit will be given, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

May I conclude with these lines?

"I know not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift beyond His love and care."

And under the mighty spell of that love and care is heaven. May God help us to reach it.

XIX

ARE THOSE WE CALL DEAD ALIVE?

"Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me." JOHN 14:1.

I do not think I can select a better text than that recorded in the first verse of the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel: "Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me." As we utter the words, "He whom thou lovest is dead," the deepest note of sadness in human speech has been sounded. It falls on the ear as the dirge of the night wind or as the moan of the weary sea. If we shall view death as an isolated fact apart from the setting of eternity, it means failure, defeat, despair. It is night without a star; it is desolation without even a gleam of comfort and cheer. When we look for the last time upon the dead face of our beloved, questions of the heart no less than of the intellect crowd upon us. They become clamorous and insistent for an answer under the pressure of grief; they concentrate themselves into a mighty cry.

Here are some of them. Are those we call the dead living? Does the soul preserve its individual and personal life? Is immortality conditioned upon character, or is it an inherent attribute of the soul? Is there a physical resurrection, a resurrection of the body? Is this resurrection immediate upon death, or postponed? What is the character of the spiritual body? What is the order of events described as resurrection, the second advent, the judgment? Is there an intermediate state? Is there a period after the resurrection and prior to the judgment known as the millennium? Shall we know each other there?

It would be manifestly impossible to consider at length all of these questions in a single discourse. The prominent question, that which involves all others, concerns the reality and certainty of a future life. If a man die, shall he live again? This is the question of the ages and the centuries. Sometimes it is a moan of despair, sometimes it is a clear, ringing soprano tone of confidence and delight.

Let it be affirmed in the very outset of these remarks that we cannot demonstrate immortality. It does not belong to the scientific realm. As well ask us to give the linear measurement of a principle or the troy weight of an emotion, or the color of an affection. As well require that we discover the soul with a

scalpel or a microscope. In this discourse and in our attempt to answer this inquiry, we are thrown upon the nature of the soul, the primeval instincts of the soul, the conclusions of human reason and the Christian revelation. The argument is cumulative. One line of evidence may not be wholly satisfactory, but all the lines of evidence converge into a radiant and splendid conviction.

For instance, the nature of the soul as indestructible is a commonplace of thought. Even Hindoo philosophy declares that the soul is indivisible, inconsumable, indestructible. Science has not overthrown the affirmation. As far as we can go into this invisible realm of spiritual life we are assured of the indestructibility of the soul of man. Fire cannot consume it, floods cannot overwhelm it. It is distinct from the body as the swimmer is distinct from the flood. The body perishes because it is made of perishable stuff. The soul is immortal because it is immaterial. It follows, therefore, that the doctrine of a conditional immortality is impossible. Immortality is a fact apart altogether from whether a man be good or bad. It is true that character determines whether or not our immortality shall be happy or miserable. The life that we have lived determines destiny. It does not in any wise have to do with the fact of immortality.

That is integral, constitutional, inherent, an attribute of the soul.

Or, again, it is a most significant fact, not to be explained apart from the admission of immortality, that the faith in a future life is universal. That is to say, all nations and kindreds and tribes and peoples have entertained it in some form. "It is a belief of the race, it is one of the cardinal convictions of mankind. It was not born of argument, it will not perish by argument. It finds its roots in the primeval instincts, in the original soil of human nature, in the intimations and suggestions and prophecies of the soul which give no account of themselves and which unto this present hour have not been accounted for." The idea of immortality is innate, and does not the idea, being innate, require a corresponding reality? If it were not innate, no discussion concerning the subject would be possible, for no power of understanding could be created. The fact is, friends, that we feel within ourselves, all men feel within themselves, the stirrings of this future life. Concerning universal man it may be said:

> "Here sits he shaping wings to fly,
> His heart forebodes a mystery,
> He names the name eternity."

Or, again, we are forced to the conclusion that there is a future life in harmony with the requirements of the law of consistency.

In nature everything of which we know is given a chance to realize its life, to attain unto the fulfillment and completion of its being. The river fulfills itself in the sea, the bud fulfills itself in the flower, the dawn fulfills itself in the day. The physical body reaches its complete development before there is any arrestment of its progress. Shall the soul be an exception to this universal law? No man who has ever died has at the hour of death attained unto the fulfillment of his being. There are thoughts which have not been expressed, there are desires which have not been realized, there are intimations and gleams for which there have been no corresponding realities. We know ourselves to be incomplete, and we know further that when we have expressed ourselves to the very uttermost there is that in us which has not been touched, that in us which has not had any opportunity for its development and for its realization. The law of evolution, which to-day is receiving so much prominence in the intellectual world, requires completion. It is the progress of life from low to higher, but ever onward and upward until the capstone has been placed upon it. Some day and somewhere these souls of ours shall attain unto completion, but not here.

Or, take again the argument that is based upon the significance of the universe in its re-

lation to man. It is conceded by even so notable a scientist as Alfred Wallace, a man next in importance in the advocacy of evolution to Darwin himself, that all the worlds exist for the sake of man, for him the stars were lighted and the sun created, for him the mountains were reared and the valleys were touched into peace and beauty. We can only interpret this universe in terms of man. If there were no eye, there could be no color; if there were no ear, there could be no harmony; if there were no intelligence, there could be no intelligible universe.

The question arises, therefore, whether or not the infinite God would have created such a magnificent universe for the creature of an hour. Does it not seem wasteful expenditure, does it not seem, at least, incongruous? Is it not altogether out of harmony with the littleness of the creature? It is only upon the supposition that man is immortal, that he belongs to eternity, that this is only a temporary stage of action to fit and prepare him for a higher destiny, it is only in the light of the truth of immortality, that the meaning and significance of the universe in relation to man can be explained. Or, why is it that we have this intense and passionate longing for life?

"'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
More life and fuller that we want;
No soul in which is healthful breath
Hath ever truly longed for death."

Simply to exist, whether in the most impoverished surroundings or in the midst of splendor, it matters not, we cling to existence. The thought of annihilation is terror. We are afraid to die. Can we explain this instinct that bids us cling to any sort of life, to simply exist, unless we are made for a fuller and richer life, and the longing shall pass from the satisfaction of mere existence into the luxury of life?

These are some of the staid arguments that reason advances as men face the great beyond, as they come to the end of the way and look out upon the infinite sea which has been named eternity. But there is a clear word of promise in the Christian revelation. The argument is twofold in its nature. First of all it is based on the fact that the life of the soul is bound up with the life of God. If the soul of man can die, then we can think of a world with a dead God in it. This soul is of the same nature with the spirit of God. It is a spark struck off from the central sun, but of the same nature with that sun. It is a drop dissevered from the boundless sea, but of the same nature with that sea, because man is made in the image of God, because his spirit is of the essence of the divine nature. We can as little think of the death of that spirit as we can think of the death of Deity.

And there rises as the crown and consum-

mation of all our reasoning that splendid fact known as the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. It is an historic fact. There were hundreds who saw him die. There were hundreds who saw him alive again. It is true that they could not witness the setting free of his spirit in the tomb. There could not be observed by the physical eye this spiritual process, but that he died they knew, and that he was alive again they knew. There must have been, therefore, the resurrection. They saw him after his death and they saw him as he passed into the realm of the unseen. Here is one splendid historic fact which declares to us that the reasonings of mankind throughout all past ages have been true, and that the intimations and suggestions of the human soul have a solid and enduring foundation in an historic fact. We shall live again. It is as certain as that the soul exists. It is as sure as human consciousness. It is as certain as a proven historic fact can make it. And that we shall live in our own proper persons, each maintaining his own individuality, goes without saying, if immortality be true at all. If the river loses itself in the sea it ceases to be a river. If our individual soul loses itself in the All-Soul, it ceases to be immortal. It is something other than an immortal soul.

In the New Testament God is spoken of as

the God of individuals, the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob. He is not the God of the dead, we are told, but the God of the living; that is to say, the God of the living Abraham and the living Isaac and the living Jacob. Moses shall live as Moses, and Elijah as Elijah. There is no comfort in the doctrine of immortality as taught by George Eliot when she sings of living again in lives made better, in hearts made purer, in thoughts that shall pierce the night like stars. That unquestionably is true, but that is not immortality. The immortality of fame is one thing, the immortality of influence is another thing and the immortality of the soul is something that is quite distinct from either. Each man shall live in his own proper person and his pulse shall throb with the fullness of the spring.

But now comes a question of interpretation. Shall these physical bodies be raised from the grave? That is what the most of us understand by the resurrection of the body. I do not see how language could be plainer than that of the Apostle Paul in discussing the question, when he distinctly affirms "the body thou sowest is not the body that shall be." There would be little comfort for most of us in the thought that this miserable body of ours is to be our dwelling place throughout eternity. There would certainly be no comfort to the dwarf or to the

consumptive or to the diseased man. The Apostle tells us that we shall be clothed upon with a spiritual body different in every particular from the physical body. It has no physical attributes, it has no physical functions, it does not possess one single mark in common with the physical body. The physical body has as its marks physical weakness and corruption. The spiritual body has as its marks glory, incorruptibility and power. "If God shall clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, will he not much more clothe you, oh, ye of little faith?" I know not of what material the spiritual body shall be woven; I know only that it shall be adapted to its environment as the physical body is adapted to its physical environment. There shall be no difficulty of locomotion. To use physical terms, we shall run and not grow weary, we shall walk and not faint, we shall mount, as it were, upon the wings of the eagle.

When does the resurrection occur? Is it immediately upon death, or is it postponed? There is not the slightest reference to any intermediate state in the writings of St. Paul. So far as that writer is concerned we would be led to believe that upon death the body goes immediately into the presence of God, or into the presence of Christ, for he is discussing the resurrection of the Christian, not the resurrection of the wicked.

I do not see from the standpoint of reason how it could be other than an immediate entrance into the presence of God. God is everywhere. He fills this world and he fills all worlds. If we go from his presence here we necessarily go into his presence there. Wherever God is and Christ is, there is heaven, there is the spiritual world, there is the place where our dreams come true and all our desires that are pure and holy find their realization.

What about the order of the events known as the resurrection, the second advent and the judgment? Here we enter into the realm of purely intellectual inquiry. This is not a question of the heart, it is not a question of the affections. It is not at all vital. The answer to it does not in any wise affect our comfort or our peace or our happiness. It is a fact that there shall be a resurrection, but whether the resurrection be immediate or postponed does not invalidate the fact. It is a fact that Jesus Christ shall come again, but whether the accessories of his coming are to be regarded in physical terms or in spiritual terms depends upon the viewpoint of the man who is reading of the second advent. It is a fact that there shall be a future judgment, but whether that judgment be at once, as the soul passes out of the body into the presence of God, or under some awful circumstances asso-

ciated with a heavenly court of justice, we may not know with any certainty. We are concerned, my friends, with realities, not with accessories. We are concerned with facts, not with theories. It is enough for us to know that we shall live again. It is enough for us to know that Jesus Christ shall come again. It is enough for us to know that there is a future judgment, and we can afford to await the long unfolding of a long eternity so far as these other incidents and experiences are concerned.

I do not believe myself that the writers of the New Testament intended to give us any programme of future events, and for the very simple reason that these events of the future belong to a realm where all transactions are spiritual, and where in the nature of the case there can be no chronology or diagrams. There is one phrase which strips away all idea of corporal or physical manifestations in relation to the future, and that is the great utterance of the inspired Apostle, "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." It is the spirit that survives, it is the spirits of men that are judged. All transactions in that future world are spiritual.

Is there a millennium, a period consequent upon the resurrection and prior to the judgment? It is strange how the idea of a millennium

or the reign of a thousand years upon this earth upon the part of Christ, should have become such a confirmed conviction in the minds of many Christian people. The Apostle Paul has not one solitary word to say concerning it. There is no mention of it in gospel or epistle. The only reference is in the most obscure book of the New Testament, the Book of Revelation.

To my mind the theory of a millennium is mechanical and arbitrary. It supposes a physical reign of a physical Christ over physical beings for a thousand years. Jesus Christ in his teachings directly controverts any such idea, for he claims that his reign is to be spiritual, the reign of ideas, the reign of principles, the reign of righteousness, the reign of good. It supposes, this theory of a millennium, that the dead will be raised with physical bodies and come back to this earth to join those yet living upon it and that over these physical persons Jesus Christ will exercise sway. Paul distinctly affirms that these physical bodies will not be raised again, but that we shall be clothed with spiritual bodies fitted to a spiritual environment.

I believe in the reign of Christ, not for a thousand years, but for all eternity. I believe that the time shall come when every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess, to the glory

of God the Father. I believe in the ultimate triumph of righteousness. I believe that this old earth and all the worlds shall be brought under the sway of him who was lifted up for the purpose of drawing all men unto him. I do not believe in any provisional reign when the order of government is of the earth earthy, whereas the ascended Christ is enthroned in a spiritual life, and reigns and rules over the nations of the earth by virtue of his might and power.

But, in conclusion, for I must speak no longer, shall we know each other there? Perhaps there is no deeper cry which comes from the human soul than that inquiry, shall we know each other there? I have a quotation written by the wife of Prof. Huxley as his epitaph, as sad as the moan of misery could be:

"And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all be darkness, silence; yet 'tis rest.
Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
For God still giveth his beloved sleep.
And if an endless sleep he will—so best."

That will not dry tears, that will not comfort aching hearts, that will not irradiate the gloom with brightness. We shall not know each other in these physical relations. Jesus distinctly affirms, "There they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but shall be as the angels of God."

But may we not know each other by virtue of the possession of memory; may we not know

that such and such a one sustained such and such an endearing relationship to us in that earthly life? Memory has not perished. Heaven is not a duplicate of earth, but certainly that which is spiritual on earth survives, and, therefore, love will survive and love shall know its own. In that remarkable book of George Eliot, "Daniel Deronda," you remember that two strangers, Mordecai and Deronda, recognized each other on the basis of soul affinity. The old Jew says, "I was waiting for you and I knew you," and there is an answering response in the heart of the youth. We cannot know to what extent these spiritual affinities enter into the question of future recognition, but I cannot doubt, my friends, that a longing so intense, so passionate, as this longing to know those that have passed on beyond shall somehow and in some way find its satisfaction.

Let us lay hold of the certainty of a future life. Christianity has no word of sadness to utter concerning death. Its note is triumphant:

"Oh, Death, where is thy sting?
Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?"

The sailor who goes far from land must be guided by the stars or else he shall be overthrown by wave and wind, and those of us who expect to sail over this sea of life in any clear, definite course must take our reckoning from the skies. It is folly to suppose

that you can live successfully this earthly life apart altogether from the influence of a heavenly life. We cannot avoid thinking of the beyond, and thinking of the beyond we are influenced by it. Death is no blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, to open on the dawn.

I have been reading, as you have, the farewell of Joe Jefferson to his many friends, and, as it turned out, his farewell to earth. It is beautiful, it is Christian, it is radiant. It sums up in a few sentences the very brightest thought of a great Christian hope. I was particularly struck with this sentiment: "I have been more than repaid by the affection of my friends which has followed me like a stream of sunshine flowing after the man going down the forest trail over the hills to the land of morning." It is the land of morning towards which we are pressing. We will not say good-night to our dead, but in some fairer world we shall say good-morning.

XX

WAS THE IDEAL OF OUR FATHERS PRACTICABLE?*

The one splendid, luminous ideal of the fathers was Christian union. All else, distinctive in aim and work, converges to this goal. In order to Christian union there must be a sense of proportion in the study of the Scriptures, else Old Testament requirements will receive equal emphasis with New Testament teaching. In order to answer the question, what is necessary to the constitution of a church of Jesus Christ—what faith, what ordinances, what organization, what ministry?—it was essential to ascertain whether or not all Scripture is of equal value and of equal binding import in determining the worship and discipline of the church. There can be no Christian union on the basis that all Scripture is of equal importance as respects the constitution of the church. Old Testament ritualism and

*An address delivered before the Missouri Christian Lectureship, in 1904, at Fulton.

New Testament simplicity cannot have fellowship. With very great earnestness and applying the methods of historical criticism, Mr. Campbell was led to draw the sharp distinction, so clearly recognized by the New Testament writers, between the law and the gospel, and to distribute the facts of Scripture in the various departments and dispensations to which they severally and collectively belong. Here was a great stride toward the simplification of Christianity as respected its constituent elements of faith, worship and discipline. The conclusion reached was that as the Old Testament is sufficient for the worship, discipline and government of the Old Testament church, so the New Testament is sufficient for the worship, discipline and government of the New Testament church. If, then, we are to discover the faith required for membership in the New Testament church, or the organization and government of that church, our source of information is the New Testament. Accepting this plain truth, the fathers began the work of exploration, discovery, overthrow and construction. They were led to accept simple faith in Christ as the only and sufficient confession of faith. This meant for them the overthrow of all human confessions as a basis of fellowship. They were led to accept immersion as the only and sufficient

baptism for all who professed this faith and were honest in their desire and purpose to turn away from sin. This meant for them the overthrow of infant or adult sprinkling or the substitution of any other form or ceremony for Christian baptism. They were led to accept Jesus Christ as the only head of his church and therefore to resent clerical or priestly arrogation of authority or any legislative functions exercised by "superior or inferior church judicatories."

They were led to accept the simple organization of the New Testament church, as far as that organization was plainly outlined, in opposition to all accretions and ornamentations of human device. They were led to accept the words of the New Testament, as opposed to any and all interpretations of these words—in all matters of doubtful disputation, giving to each man the right of private interpretation, but insisting that such interpretation should not be made a test of fellowship or that such interpretation should not be preached to the subversion and troubling of the churches. Little by little, step by step, with open minds and hearts, they threaded their way back through centuries of theology, clerical tyranny and corrupt organizations and practices into the very presence of Christ and his apostles, and asked for guidance from him who alone

could speak as one having authority in all that pertained to the life and continuance of his church.

Christian union, based on the essentials of New Testament Christianity, was the vision splendid which smote their hearts with irresistible charm and power.

This was the ideal, the one ideal, of the fathers. Was it a practical ideal? Before undertaking an answer to this question, it may be proper to encourage our souls with the reflection that very much of the contention of the fathers has been accepted—whether directly or independently of the influence exerted by the Disciples of Christ matters not.

The abuses against which Mr. Campbell contended have largely passed away. Clerical authority in the realm of conscience is virtually dead among Protestants. Creed acceptance is no longer made binding on the membership of the churches, and the creeds are accepted lightly and with mental reservation even by the preachers and professors and officials. The right of individual interpretation of Scripture has conquered. The ability of the people to understand for themselves what is essential to life and salvation is more and more recognized. The identification of theology with Christianity is denied, and theology has come to take its place as a purely human science—to

be accepted as a help to the understanding of the truth, and as having no binding authority because approved by synod or council. Our liberty in Christ is secure. A protest now and then does not intimidate. We simply claim and exercise the right as part of our Christian inheritance. False and arbitrary tests of fellowship have ceased to be barriers in co-operative Christian work. Marvelous has been the progress in the way of a simplification of Christianity, or rather in divesting it of its man-made accessories and restoring it to its pristine beauty. But what of the future? Is Christian union practicable on the simple basis of the primitive faith and ordinances and life? This is the question we are to consider. And first we are to think for a few moments of the "faith once for all delivered to the saints."

What does the New Testament require? In its last analysis, or rather in the simplest statement of the faith that is necessary to fellowship, does the New Testament require anything more, in the feeble and necessarily imperfect beginning of the Christian life, than a faith which is sufficiently strong to lead us to accept Jesus as Lord? If one is honest in confessing Jesus as Lord and gives proof of that sincerity in submitting to the ordinance of baptism—an ordinance which has no meaning apart from the authority of Christ—is he not

entitled to fellowship, whatever may be his ignorance of the rich content of the Christian faith or his misapprehensions and wrong conceptions of that faith? Certainly we cannot require that he should have an accurate, full and comprehensive understanding of all that is involved in the sublime truth that Jesus is the Christ of God. That would exclude all save the most gifted minds, and even the most gifted cannot in this life grasp adequately with the intellect that which must so largely be an experience of the heart. As a matter of fact, we accept this confession of faith from a child or an ignorant person, knowing all the while that the child, by virtue of its limitations, can mean only the simplest thing—"I love you and want to do what thou wouldst have me do." It is this simple, reverent faith of the child which marks the beginning of the Christian life.

Nor do we, nor can we, rightfully require that one should have arrived at this simple faith in any uniform or stereotyped way. One man believes in Jesus Christ as the Son of God apart altogether from any reasoned argument based on prophecy or miracle. He has seen the face of the Master. He has been brought in some way to feel the spell of his beauty. He has fallen in love with the great personage. Jesus satisfies his deepest needs. He does not

know prophecy. He has never studied the relation of miracle to faith. He is in love with the all-beautiful One, and would follow him to the ends of the earth. Are there not souls that instinctively and intuitively come into possession of this faith? The intellectual in the man is subordinated and the affectional nature is dominant. Is not such faith genuine? And yet it is not based on any other evidence than the simple beauty of the character of Christ. The man says: I cannot explain the origin of the dawn as it brightens into the day. I only know the sun has arrived and that, giving myself to its beams, I am warmed and cheered and satisfied. As such an one grows in the knowledge of divine things, he may come to see the relation of prophecy and miracle to this radiant and divine being. In the beginning, he is won by the smile on his face, by his compassion and tenderness, by his wonderful love and beauty.

If a man had only the four gospels, and as a result of reading them should be so completely dominated by the great personage of whom they speak as to give himself utterly to following him, would we be authorized in denying him Christian fellowship because he was ignorant of the story of creation or knew nothing of Jonah or the Ninevites? Or per contra, suppose that he is a Bible

scholar and holds honest conclusions as to the literary structure of the Bible different from those commonly denominated orthodox—placing a different construction on the aim and purpose of certain portions of Scripture from that commonly accepted—should his faith in Christ be impugned? "Who art thou that judgest thy brother? To his own Master he standeth or falleth."

If it shall seem to us that his critical conclusions contravene faith in Christ, we are to remember that such conclusions (if the man himself is to be believed) do not invalidate his own faith. It is his personal faith, and not what we may think is necessary to it, that entitles him to Christian fellowship. It is the faith and not its method of attainment that is the essential thing. Only that which is essentially connected with that faith, without which that faith in a given individual would be impossible, can be made part of the faith that is necessary to Christian fellowship. If there be one thing or many things, accepted by others, not essential to this individual's faith in Christ, then in his case it is not essential to his acceptance as a follower of Christ and our brother. Remember that we ask not one word concerning his faith in anything in the Bible or out of it—only are we concerned about his faith in Christ, assured

that if he is right in his relation to Christ, he will get right in regard to other matters and things.

In other words, essential Christian faith need not, in order to its validity, lay hold of all that is involved logically in the sublime truth that Jesus is the Christ of God. If we could accept at once all that is meant, then what chance for growth in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ?

In a sense, of course, we accept in our confession of faith in Christ all that is logically involved, just as in our acceptance of the law of gravity we receive all that it means though we may be ignorant of a thousand applications of it. It would not be claimed that an intelligent apprehension of the thousand unknown applications is essential to our faith in gravity. My contention is that essential faith is of the simplest character, and that only the essential faith can be made a basis of Christian fellowship.

What is logically involved in our faith in Christ brings before us all the realm of revelation—the unique relation he sustains to God, his supernatural birth, his words and works, his death, burial, resurrection and ascension, his sinlessness, his supreme authority as Lord, his relation to the Old Testament, with all the high and rich meaning of these great truths.

Here is a whole library of Christian truth—a territory so vast that no theologian has ever found its limits. The essential faith, in the very nature of things, cannot intelligently accept all that is involved in the tremendous proposition that Jesus is the Christ of God. It need only lay hold of the hem of his garment—the acceptance of him as Lord—able to save—the one who died for us and who proclaims God's love—the one who has opened the way to glory for us—the one whom we can absolutely trust to tell us what to do—and whom we can follow in life and through death.

It is one thing, however, to be ignorant of much that is involved in Christian faith and while ignorant of much to hold fast to that which is essential to spiritual life and salvation, and quite a different thing to have a knowledge that certain things are logically and integrally involved in that faith and to deny them as essential to the integrity of such faith. The latter makes impossible the acceptance of the Christ of the New Testament, and such an one necessarily shuts himself out from Christian fellowship.

There are only two courses open—one for the simple and untrained mind who says, "I believe in Christ," meaning thereby a loving loyalty to his will—waiting for the opening

and unfolding of the great truth which has been accepted; the other course is to have a fuller knowledge—the result of study and investigation of what is involved—and to deny the thing involved as true. As respects the former, we do not hesitate to grant fellowship; as respects the latter, fellowship will not be asked.

We have no right, however, to insist that the intelligent who admit all that is involved in Christian faith shall be made to accept our interpretation of the subject matter. The right of private interpretation is a fundamental principle of Protestantism. We dare not make our exegesis the test of fellowship. Christian union on the basis of this simple faith in Christ seems practical. If, however, we insist upon our interpretations of this faith as essential to fellowship; if we brand with heresy those who, while accepting the great facts involved in this faith, place a different construction on these facts; if we demand that all shall arrive at this faith in the same way, or that this simple confession shall be as intelligently apprehended in the beginning as after long years of fellowship with the Master, or if we shall demand the acceptance of the theological speculations engendered by this faith as part of essential Christianity, then Christian union shall remain only a beautiful

dream. We are concerned with nothing more than the loyal, honest confession of faith in Christ as the Son of God. We ask no further question. We leave the individual with God and his conscience. And now as respects the ordinance of baptism—is Christian union practicable? Is it at all probable that the whole Protestant Christian world shall ever accept immersion only as Christian baptism?

It seems to me that right here optimism finds its greatest check. If Christian baptism were a church ordinance—established by the church with a view to accomplishing a special purpose —then it would be within the province of the church to change it or to dispense with it, but if it be an appointment of Jesus Christ, to meddle with it in any way is to impugn the authority of our Lord. Here, then, is the real issue. Is baptism a church ordinance —arising in the development of the life of the church to meet a special and temporary need, or is it based on the authority of the head of the church? If the latter, we dare not sacrifice it even for the sake of Christian union. A union based on any compromise of the authority of Jesus Christ is not Christian. It would be a caricature and a fraud. There is left for us no other course than to exalt the authority of Christ and to insist on baptism as having its meaning and standing in relation

to that authority. But in our insistence on immersion as baptism, it seems unnecessary to insist upon the philosophy of baptism as essential to Christian fellowship. In what sense is baptism for the remission of sins? In answering this question differences of opinion and interpretation are permissible and will always exist. It is the command which is important. We are divided among ourselves as to formal and actual remission. Our scribes have not settled this question for us. With what sort of propriety can we make a fractional interpretation—an interpretation, that is, not unanimously accepted by ourselves, a test of fellowship for others? Let us preach baptism as an appointment of Jesus Christ; let us insist upon the obedience enjoined as a test of loyalty to divine authority, and let us leave the speculative parts of the question to the individual. If he reaches a wrong conclusion, the honesty and validity of his obedience is not involved.

In pressing on to the realization of our ideal there are some things we need to guard against as hindering our success and some things we ought to welcome as helping the quest and attainment.

We must guard against lessening the power of our special contention by emphasizing and exaggerating unimportant matters. Is it, for instance, a matter of vital importance—an

article of a standing or falling church—whether our ministers should be known as "Rev." or "Dr."? Certainly there is no disposition on the part of the people to unduly exalt the minister of religion. There is no recognition of any superior or magical virtue in the bestowment of the title. Nobody believes that affixing the title of "Rev." to a preacher's name means anything more than an indication of the special work in which he is engaged. Why waste time in discussing such questions? We have surely passed the period of quibbling. If a preacher prefers to have John Smith, M. D. V., rather than Rev., let us gratify his taste. But why reflect upon the Rev. Smith and have it appear that he is a bloated specimen of religious pride and is seeking through a title to gain power over the brotherhood? We are summoned to a more serious task. Why whittle sticks when we are called upon to build a temple? We shall never have Christian union on the basis of the unimportant and trivial.

Furthermore, we must quit patronizing our religious neighbors. We have not learned all of truth. There are some things in which we need instruction. When we speak of the "sects" in a somewhat contemptuous tone—meaning, "We thank thee, oh, God, we are not as these publicans,"—what is it but sublimated pharisaism? Do we suppose for a moment

that such manifest injustice will tend toward a closer fellowship? Calling hard names has never yet promoted fellowship. If we are really in earnest in promoting Christian union, let us at least be courteous. I would not tone down the truth. I would preach it in love. Let us reason together, but brickbats are suggestive of vulgarity. Hear these words from Alexander Campbell: "This plan of making our own nest and fluttering over our own brood; of building our own tent and of confining all goodness and grace to our noble selves and the elect few who are like us, is the quintessence of sublimated pharisaism. The old Pharisees were but babes in comparison with the modern, and the longer I live, the more I reflect upon God and man, heaven and earth, the Bible and the world, the Redeemer and his church, the more I am assured that all sectarianism is the offspring of hell, and that all differences about words and names and opinions, hatched in Egypt, Rome or Edinburgh, are like the frolics of drunken men, and that where there is a new creature or a society of them, with all their imperfections and frailties and error in sentiment, in views and opinions, they ought to receive one another, and the strong to support the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves. To lock ourselves up in the bandbox of our own little circle; to associate with

a few units, tens or hundreds as the pure church, as the elect, is real Protestant monkery—it is evangelical pharisaism." And while we are speaking our mind, let us understand that Christian fellowship will not be promoted by suspicion or jealousies or mean rivalries in the conduct of our religious journals. An insipid journalism is to be avoided, for dullness is inexcusable, but a nagging, crude and fussy journalism—seeking to wear the purple of authority on the ground of self-claimed orthodoxy which largely consists in denunciation and miserable innuendoes—needs to be rebuked. I am speaking of an evil of which many instances might be cited. There are some editors and even a few preachers who are "hounds of the Lord" and who never think of "green pastures and still waters" without a feeling of disgust with the serenity of the situation. Give them a heretic, and heaven has no sweeter joy. It would seem that heretics are specially provided for their delectation.

A religious journal has unquestionably the right to criticise the public utterances of any man. It can condemn whatever may seem to itself hurtful in doctrine. But when it uses its power and influence to turn a whole brotherhood (or such part of the brotherhood as it can influence) against a man's view in such way as to unduly prejudice them against him, and ad-

vises them to regard him as an alien and an enemy of the truth who ought to be cast out from their fellowship, it is guilty of an outrageous abuse of its power. Heresy consists not in disloyalty to any man's doctrine but in disloyalty to Christ, and as long as the individual avows his loyalty to Christ, no religious journal can have the right to denounce him as a heretic. And further, when a man disavows his loyalty to Christ, the authority to discipline him lies not in a religious journal, but in the congregation with which he is affiliated. And if we would realize the desire of the fathers for a united brotherhood we must recognize that there is no Cincinnati, Lexington, Louisville or St. Louis standard of doctrine, to which the preachers of the church must either conform or be driven out of our fellowship; that our ministry should be left to regard themselves as free men in Christ Jesus, owing supreme allegiance to the great Teacher and bound in loyalty to him to advocate always and everywhere what they believe to be the truth rather than the doctrine of any party. It is within the right of the humblest preacher to say to all religious journals in this matter, "Let no man trouble me, for I bear in my spirit the marks of the Lord Jesus." Conscious loyalty to Christ is our claim of independence.

We must welcome all truth and not be afraid

of it. Openness of mind means progress. Let us not impoverish our souls by refusing to hear only from Paul. Apollos has something to give us, and Cephas likewise has a message. Provincialism is certainly a barrier to Christian union. Some one has remarked that the "new biblical scholarship is to be the chief agency in bringing about the union of Christendom. Disunity, separation and division rest largely on scholastic definitions of Scripture. It is by these largely arbitrary differences that the polemic spirit has been bred, and men have been separated by formal didactic statements rather than by real differences." If the newer study gives us a deeper and truer insight into the truth of God, let us give it hospitable welcome. Of all religious bodies, we are least trammeled in our pursuit of truth. Loyalty to Christ and the limitations imposed by his authority—this is our priceless heritage. We are a great people. Hasty and inconsiderate condemnation of higher criticism is evidence of immaturity. We are too well seasoned to get scared. It is possible that higher criticism has something to give us. At least if it is empty-handed, we shall soon discover the fact. In the meantime, we need not fear that it is loaded. Our attitude should be that of those who care only for the truth and who want only the truth.

How about church federation?—If it can

help on Christian union, without the sacrifice of conscious loyalty to Christ, I should think it would be very gladly welcomed. As far as I can see, it is giving organic expression to a principle which our people have recognized all the while—that of co-operating with other religious bodies as far as we can do so without the sacrifice of convictions we deem to be vital. Certainly we want to do this. It is right in line with our contention. We do not minimize our special testimony; we augment our practical efficiency. While we must guard against provincialism and pharisaism and the undue emphasis of the unimportant, we must maintain our dignified position as a religious body that knows its ground and has no apologies to make for its contention. It seems to me that there are two clearly marked tendencies among us—the one which regards with suspicion the consideration of new questions and the necessary adaptation to new conditions, and the other which regards the new culture as a substitute for the old faith and a sort of contemptuous disregard of our special and peculiar testimony. Of the two tendencies, the latter is the worse. Better that we hold fast whereto we have attained, even if we miss much that might prove our enrichment than that we should minimize or lose the definite essentials of the Christian faith. Why can we not hold fast to first principles and go on to

perfection? Let us not forget the two words which are our heritage—liberty and loyalty—liberty within the limitations of loyalty. To no religious body has there ever come a greater opportunity to hasten the bright and shining day of Christian union. Let us not prove recreant to our high trust. It may be that the ideal of the fathers will not be realized in our day, but the clearly marked tendency points that way.

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